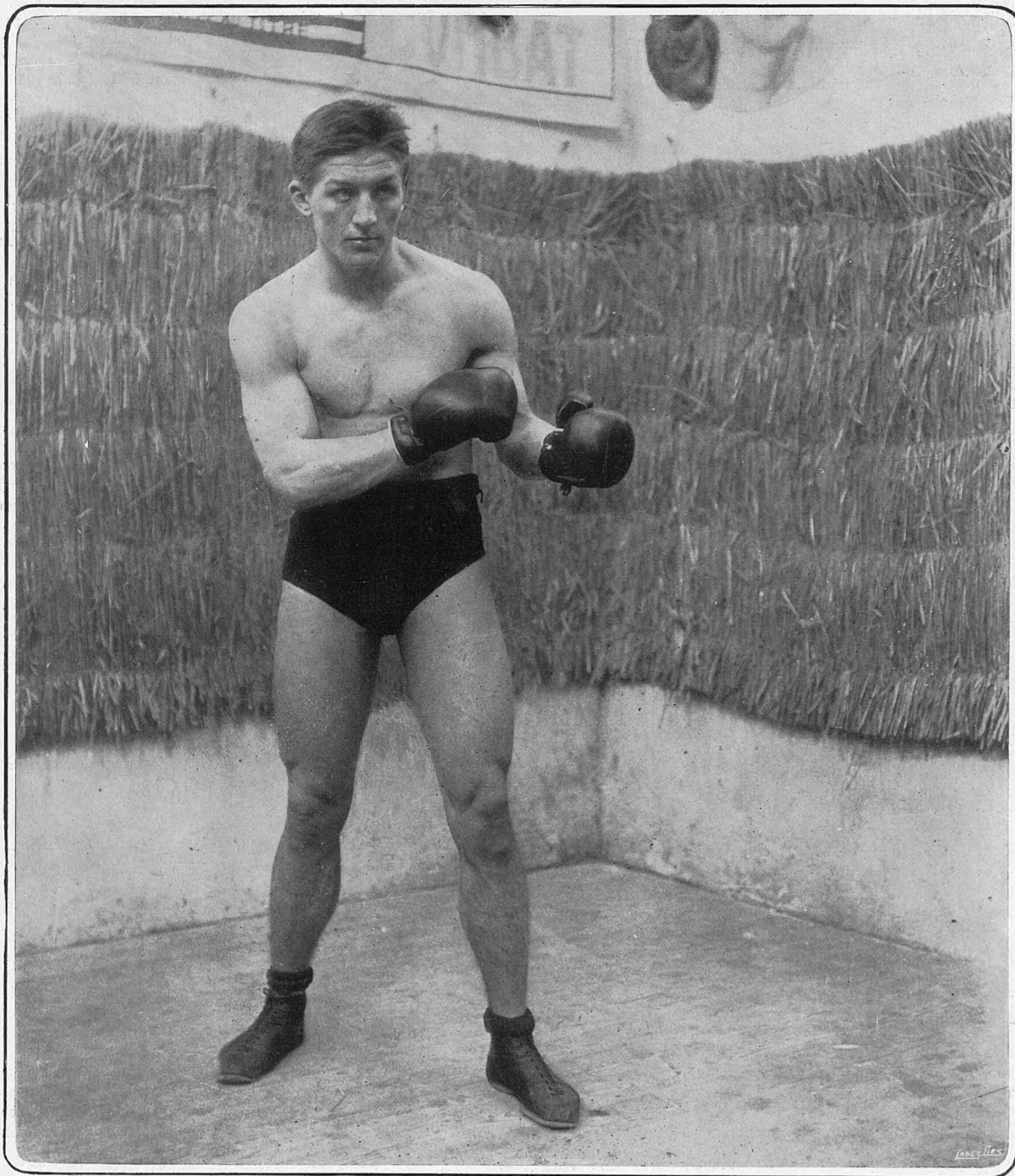


The Sketch

No. 1120 —Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1914.

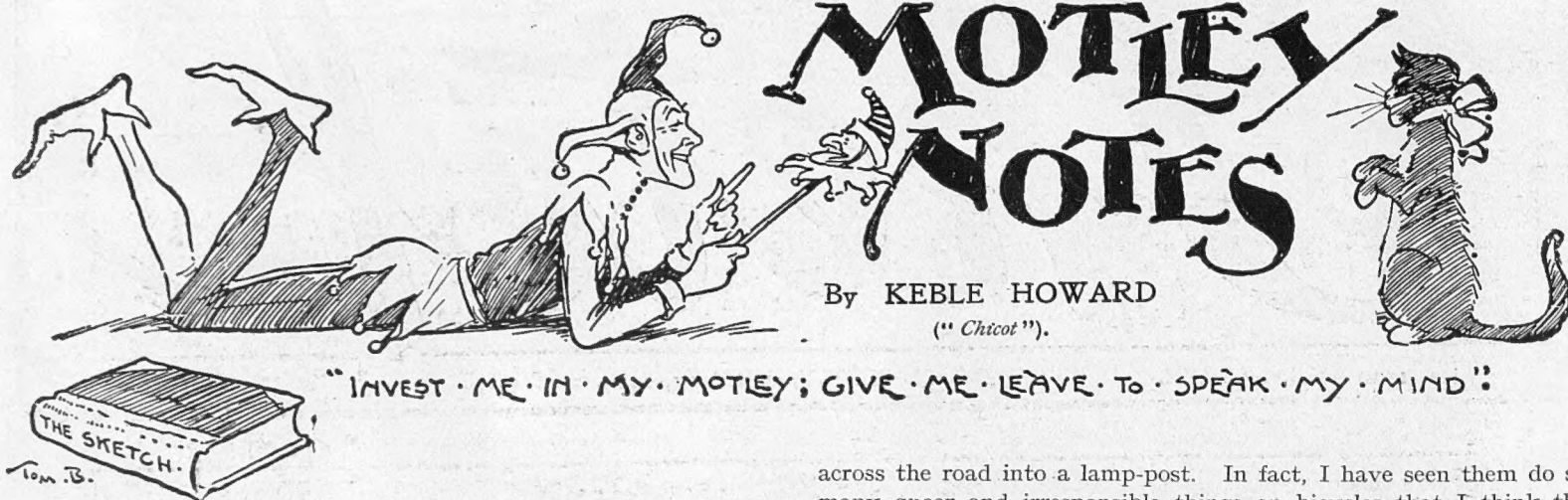
SIXPENCE.



THE ADONIS OF THE BOXING WORLD AND THE IDOL OF THE FRENCH WOMEN WHO ATTEND BOXING MATCHES :
GEORGES CARPENTIER, WHO IS TO FIGHT "GUNBOAT SMITH" AT OLYMPIA TO-MORROW (THE 16TH).

Georges Carpentier is the twenty-year-old boxer who has astonished all "the fancy" by his skill, and captured all the hearts of the ladies of Paris by his looks. He is the typical modern fighter—in evening dress debonair and able to hold his own with anybody; in the ring like a tiger, fighting with merciless force. During his brief career, from 1907-1914, he has fought 72 fights, of which he has actually only lost 7,

the rest being "win," "draw," or "no decision" fights. He holds the unique record of having held the championship of his own country at every weight. It will be remembered that he has twice "knocked out" Bombardier Wells—first at Ghent in June 1913, in four rounds, and since at the National Sporting Club in London, in less than two minutes!—[Photograph by Topical Press.]



Another Little Tour.

So many readers seem to have been interested in my brief account of a motor-trip to Norfolk, and home by the East Coast and Tilbury, that I shall venture to suggest a second tour—just a short two hundred miles for the week-end. We left home on the Saturday about twelve-thirty, and proceeded through Godstone, Oxted, Westerham, Riverhead, Seal, and West Malling. Four miles from Maidstone we pulled up in a shady spot just off the main road, spread rugs and a table-cloth on a green bank beneath a group of elms, and lunched.

(By the way, I am always surprised that more people do not lunch by the roadside when motoring. One hears endless complaints of country hotels, most of which are justified, I regret to say. Then why trouble the hotels when you can pack your lunch into one of these very complete modern luncheon-baskets, and enjoy your meal in the open air for one-tenth the cost, and without the fag of garaging your car? And if your basket combines a tea-basket with a luncheon-basket, you are independent of extortionate and stuffy hotels from one end of the run to the other.)

So through Maidstone to Charing—a very vile piece of road this—and on to Canterbury. Having never viewed the Cathedral, I thought I should like to see the place where Beckett was murdered. A small girl directed me to a house in the Close.

"One shilling each," I was told.

"How long will it take?"

"About an hour."

"But I only want to see where Beckett was murdered."

"Kindly follow the guide."

Home by the Coast.

The guide took us up and down, hither and thither, from east to west, from the side chapels to the crypt and back again. At last he mentioned Beckett.

"This is the spot where Beckett was murdered, but the steps on which he stood when he was cut down have been removed."

"Why?" I asked. But the guide had passed on, and I had to go with the crowd or be lost in the Cathedral with all the doors locked—I presume as a caution against Suffragettes.

Thence to Margate, where we stayed that night in the company of about a million people who had hit on the same idea. Margate is truly a marvellous place in these days; the new Winter Garden is the best thing of its kind I have seen in this country. Who thought of the scheme and carried it through? Nobody seems to know.

Sunday morning in the blazing sun at Margate, and then we pulled out for St. Margaret's Bay, running through Ramsgate, Sandwich, and Deal. If you are fond of shipping, you can never be dull at St. Margaret's Bay, for the great liners going up and down Channel come so near the shore that you can hear the chunk of the screw and almost smell the dinner.

So home on the Monday by Dover, Folkestone, Hythe, and Ashford, joining the out-going route again at Charing—where the vile bit of road begins.

The Cycle and the Female.

Anybody who constantly uses the roads, whether as a motorist or otherwise, will have observed that the least dependable creature in existence is the average woman on a bicycle. I have seen a woman fall off a bicycle on catching sight of a motor-car which was standing absolutely still on the roadside, with the engine stopped. I saw a young woman the other day, for no reason whatever, ride straight

across the road into a lamp-post. In fact, I have seen them do so many queer and irresponsible things on bicycles that I think the police would be well advised to put a series of tests before female cyclists are allowed to use the public roads. Here are a few suggestions in connection with these tests—

(1) Rounding a corner with a constable in hiding ready to clap hands as he catches sight of the rider.

(2) Constable hiding with motor-horn, which he will sound as rider approaches.

(3) Constable holding chicken to be released immediately in front of rider.

(4) Constable to lie down in roadway on approach of rider, giving as close an imitation as possible of person inebriated.

(5) Constable dressed in latest female fashions, with gaily coloured parasol, to turn the corner suddenly and meet rider.

(6) Series of constables mounted on bicycles to surround rider and shout "Hi!" in varying tones.

I commend this series to my friend Mr. Heath Robinson, who, with the approval of the Editor of *The Sketch*, might draw a series of diagrams which would be of immense use to the police force.

From the Club Window.

I have received another extremely interesting letter—this time from an officer in the Royal Artillery, who writes from a well-known club in St. James's Square. My correspondent puts forward such an interesting suggestion that I make no apology for quoting his letter in full—

"DEAR SIR,—June 27, 1914. A hot day and a tropical evening. I fed to-night in the bow-window of the club dining-room, and as I gazed across the road I saw—

"(a) 18 in. concrete above the pavement.

"(b) 3 ft. 6 in. or thereabouts of dusty iron railing backed by a hedge 'of sorts.'

"(c) A second hedge of lilacs which must have been fine last month.

"(d) The statue of some forgotten worthy overshadowed by fir-trees. (*Par parenthèse*, may I add that no one I have appealed to knows who the warrior in question was?)

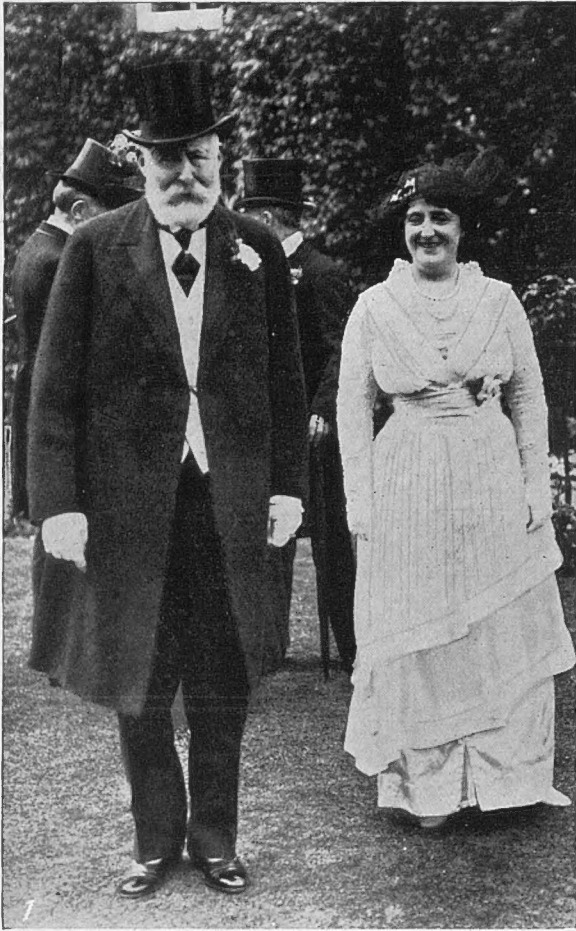
Selfish London Squares.

"I'm a bit of a wanderer myself, and, putting aside my voyagings as a hired assassin, I like, when the state of my exchequer and the exigencies of the service permit, to see what I can see, and in the course of my wanderings I have met a good many cities and towns abroad. Nowhere, however, have I ever seen 'open spaces' shut in as are the selfish London squares. Surely this is a relic of barbarism! The trees are there, and all that is required is to remove the obscuring railings, hedges, etc., and to lay the areas out as gardens such as you see in Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and elsewhere. The Civic Fathers or the inhabitants of the squares (rich people or communities nearly all) would have to pay the wages of a gardener and his lad, and possibly of a commissioner to prevent the 'Submerged Tenth' from using the ground as a doss-house, and also garden expenses. That is all! And what a difference it would make!

"Asphalt paths across would save the pedestrian unnecessary journeys round three sides of the square, and from the club windows we could look out over grass-plots and flower-beds under trees such as, in cities, we only grow in beautiful London, and the ensemble would be a joy to the whole peripatetic population. And at what cost? Does anyone except the gardener ever go inside the railings?

"I enclose my card."

CONTRASTS AT A GARDEN PARTY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.



1. "SOME" HOSTS: LORD AND LADY MICHELHAM, WHO GAVE THE PARTY.

3. SOME FUN: HARRY TATE'S YOUTHFUL ASSISTANT LOOKS AFTER HIMSELF.

2. SOME GUESTS: MISS JESSEL; MURIEL, LADY HELMSLEY; LADY GWENDOLEN LITTLE.

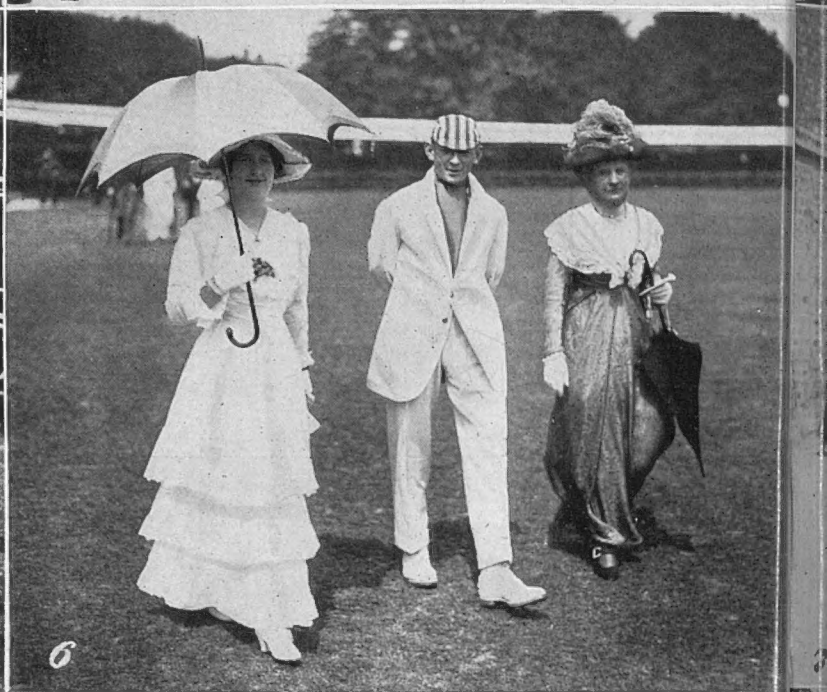
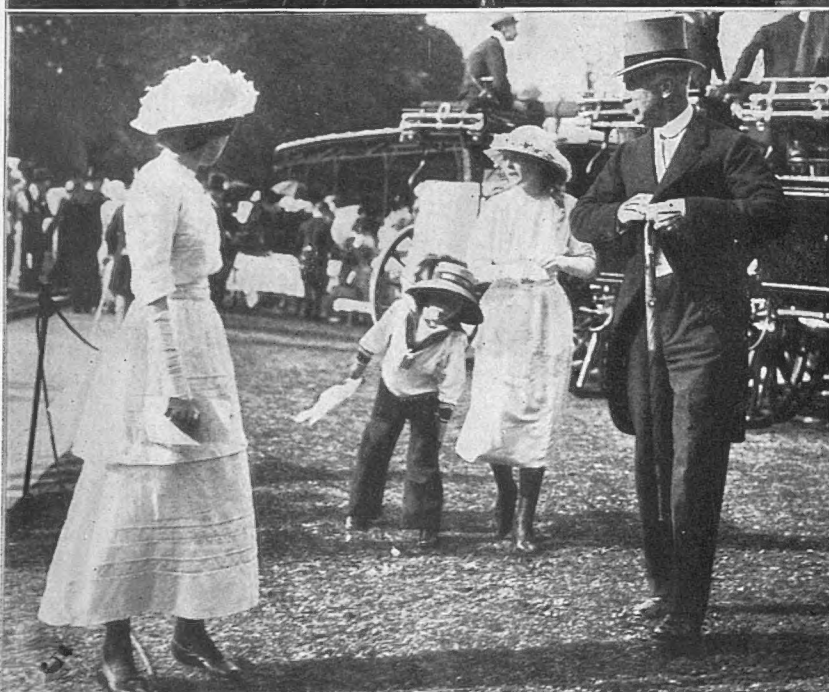
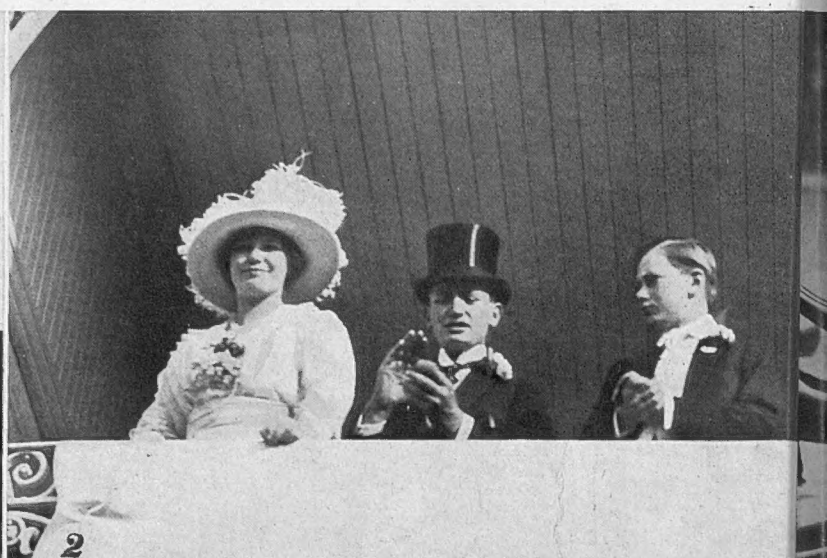
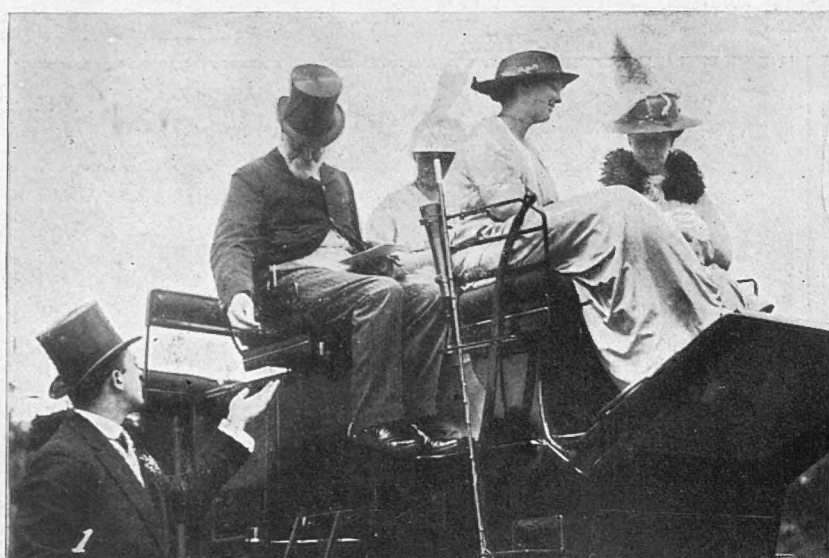
4. SOME TROUBLE: ETHEL LEVEY IN DIFFICULTY WITH MALCOLM SCOTT'S CORSETS.

The garden party given by Lord and Lady Michelham to meet the Marquess of Lansdowne and the Vice-Presidents of the London Municipal Society was a bright and enjoyable function, as entertainments of various kinds were provided by well-known "stars" to amuse the company. Lord Michelham, who is the first Baron, created

in 1905, was an Alderman of the L.C.C. from 1906-1912, and is a son of the late Baron Hermann de Stern, of Portugal. Lady Michelham is the daughter of Mr. Octavius Bradshaw, barrister-at-law, who was at one time a Major in the Royal Devon Yeomanry. He was High Sheriff of Devon in 1884.

Photographs by Alfieri, Topical, and Central Press.

A MOST EXCITING ETON AND HARROW MATCH: T

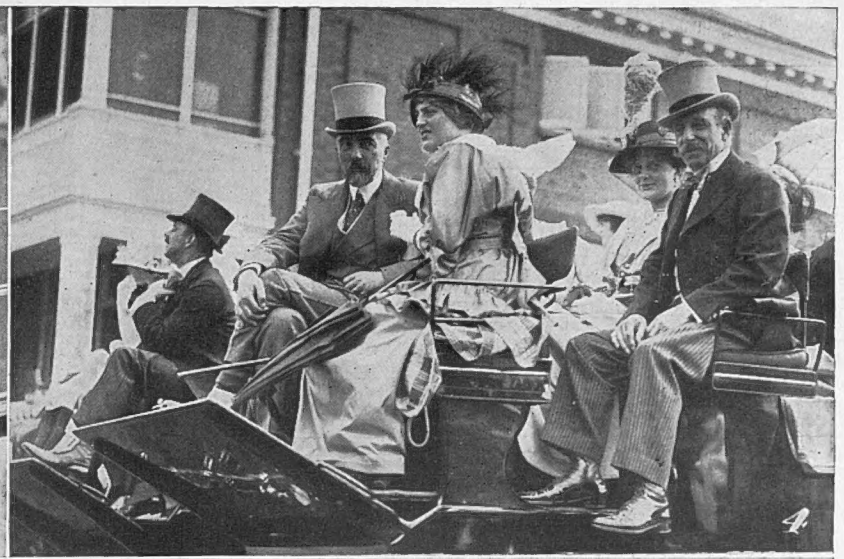
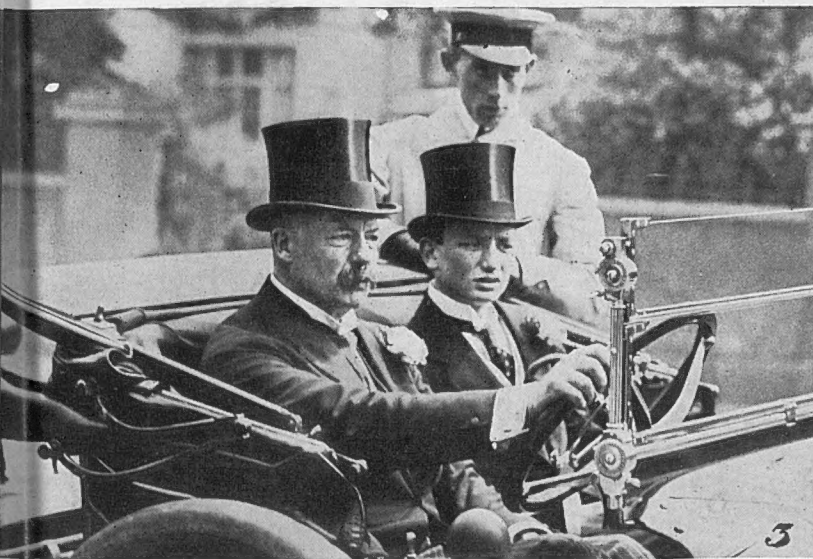


1. ON A COACH: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LORD HOLLENDEN, LADY DOROTHY MORLEY, MISS PECK, AND LADY HOLLENDEN.
5. A ROYAL VISITOR: THE DUKE OF TECK AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS AND YOUNGER SON.
9. ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS ON THE STANDS: BOYS CHEERING THEIR RESPECTIVE HEROES.

2. THE KING'S SON WHO IS AN ETON BOY: PRINCE HENRY (ON THE RIGHT) WITH LORD DESBOROUGH'S SON AND DAUGHTER.
6. ONE OF THE HARROW TEAM: MR. G. A. I. DURY WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.
10. AFTER THE WINNING HIT: ETON BOYS RUSHING TO "SHOULDER" THE TWO ETON "NOT-OUTS," MR. HANKEY AND MR. ANSON.

There was a most exciting finish to this year's Eton and Harrow match, which ended at Lord's on Saturday in the victory of Eton by four wickets. They had 231 to make to win, and there was a critical moment in the game when six wickets were down and there were still 43 runs wanted. However, Mr. F. Anson and Mr. T. S. Hankey (who made 28 not out and 16 not out respectively in the second innings) succeeded in knocking off the runs required. When the winning hit—a boundary—was made, there was a mighty demonstration. Spectators streamed out over the field, and the supporters of Eton "shouldered"

THE SOCIAL SIDE AT LORD'S AND THE FINAL "RAG."



3. ARRIVING AT LORD'S: LORD DESBOROUGH AND HIS SON, THE HON. IVO GRENFELL.

7. SIR EDWARD AND LADY JARDINE WITH THEIR SON.

11. THE RAG AFTER THE FINISH: A RING AMID THE OPPOSING FACTIONS.

4. A DISTINGUISHED COACH PARTY: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, MISS DE TRAFFORD, AND MR. AND MRS. QUINTIN DICK.

8. THE HON. MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN AND HER SON (IN FRONT); HER MOTHER, FLORENCE LADY NUNBURNHOLME (BEHIND, ON THE LEFT); AND THE HON. MRS. GUY FAIRFAX (ON THE RIGHT).

12. HATS OFF! AN INFORMAL ETON V. HARROW CONTEST AT LORD'S AFTER THE MATCH.

the two "not-outs" to the pavilion. There was much good-humoured ragging between the rival Eton and Harrow factions, including a lively tussle for a banner, and top-hats, sticks, and handkerchiefs were freely flying. The social side of the match was as gay and brilliant as ever, and there were many distinguished people among the spectators. Prince Henry, the King's third son, who is at Eton, watched the game with Lord Desborough's son and daughter, and the Duke of Teck was there with his two daughters, Princesses Victoria and Helena, and Prince Frederick.—[Photographs by C.N. (8), Topical (2), and Illustrations Bureau (2).]

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. H. V. ESMOND was in one of his lighter moods when
 he wrote "Ehza Comes to Stay"; and it is natural,
 though sometimes regrettable, that lighter moods should
 be the more popular. Popular this little farcical comedy certainly
 was, and its revival will easily carry its author and the clever
 Miss Eva Moore through the rest of their season at the
 Vaudeville. It suits her admirably, this light and wittily written
 story of the young person who was planted on an inoffensive
 bachelor who expected the arrival of a child and found a
 young woman in the most absurd of skirts and most preposterous
 of hats; and Miss Moore is just the actress who can delight
 in showing what a change can be made by a nice frock and
 a proper arrangement of the hair. She is in her merriest mood
 throughout, and everybody enters into her merriment; while Mr.
 Esmond is excellent as the bachelor; and Mr. Eric Lewis, as the
 elderly admirer, has a part which exactly suits his gifts as a
 comedian. Of the others in the cast, a word of praise is due to
 Mr. Fred Grove and Miss Estelle Despa; and the revival may be
 heartily recommended as entertaining light fare for a summer
 evening.

The personal popularity of Mr. H. B. Irving, the great reputation
 of Mr. Stephen Phillips, and curiosity to see Miss Miriam Lewes in
 a kind of part novel to her caused the Savoy to be crowded on the
 first night of "The Sin of David," and at the end of the play there
 was a great deal of applause. Afterwards came criticisms exhibiting
 no little difference of opinion, but all of them admitting the quality
 of the verse. However, in the actual traffic of the theatre, plays
 do not live by verse alone—indeed, in the playhouse it is exceedingly
 difficult, even for the critical, to tell the good poetry from the
 mediocre. There is no doubt in the present instance as to the merits
 of the dialogue, but the question arises on the far more important
 point—whether the play is interesting and impressive. The subject
 is a version of the story of David, Bathsheba, and her husband
 put into the times of the war between Charles I. and the people,
 and promises plenty of thrills; but, owing to the rather cold and
 very reticent treatment, the thrills are few, and it is possible to listen
 to the work—excellently acted, no doubt—without being much
 moved. The author has been very hard upon the players, and cut
 up their speeches, particularly those of the heroine, into lengths that
 give them little chance of getting into their stride. None of us
 delight in the deluges of dialogue common enough in poetical drama,
 but the players cannot work themselves up in snatches of dialogue
 which must be taken rather slowly in order that the meaning may
 be clear and that the value may be given to the rhythm. So we had
 a meritorious, not uninteresting, drama of value as poetry, which
 left us cold; also, it gave no great scope to the players. Even
 Mr. H. B. Irving, as the latter-day David, despite his sincere,
 picturesque performance, did not quicken our pulses. Miss Miriam
 Lewes suggested the amorous character of the heroine very well, but
 was unable to make the poetry rise to a very high pitch of passion—
 indeed, the most successful performance was that of Mr. Henry
 Vibart in the simple, short character of the husband. The excellent
 acting of Miss Marie Linden ought not to be forgotten.

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WHEN "BOBS" WAS A POLO-PLAYER: THE BIRTH OF THE MODERN GAME: BOXING FOR WOMEN AND PARSONS.

Primitive Polo.

Lord Roberts, speaking at the lunch which the Pilgrim Club gave to the victorious British polo team, told his fellow Pilgrims how, more than fifty years ago, he saw "chogan," which was the game from which polo was derived, played on the borders of Tibet. He told them how it was played in a valley not more than fifty yards long and the breadth of the Savoy ball-room. The teams were mounted on little ponies whose best pace was an amble, the sticks were heavy and clumsy, and the balls were much larger than are now used.

An Interesting Revival.

Lord Roberts might, were not all speeches at Pilgrim banquets short ones, have further told his audience how, some five-and-twenty years ago, he saw a revival of this primitive game played at Annandale, the polo-ground and gymkhana-ground at Simla. It so happened

that the then head of the Indian Army Intelligence Department heard that some of the mountaineers who play the primitive form of polo had come to Simla to mend the hill roads, and had brought with them their little ponies, which they use for carrying stones. He asked them whether they were willing to play a game before the "Lat Sahib," as the natives call the Viceroy, and before the other great people of Simla. They replied that they were afraid to play before such august company unless a Sahib played with them. So the Colonel, to give them courage, dressed himself in flowing robes and a pugree browned his face, mounted one of the shaggy little "tats," and took part in the game. The play was slow enough, for the ponies would rather walk than canter; but, to make up for any deficiencies, the players shouted continuously, adjuring their friends to perform feats of skill, and cursing their adversaries with all the curses of the East. It was very good fun, and all the "little tin gods" shook with laughter at the spectacle.

When Polo Came to Hurlingham.

It was in the 'sixties that the soldiers in India took to polo and began to evolve the quick-galloping game as we know it, and British regiments coming back to England after a term of service in India introduced the game at home, Hurlingham, which until then had been a pigeon-shooting club, becoming its headquarters. Where the pigeon-ring at Hurlingham used to be are now lawn-tennis courts and the lawn before the tea-pavilion. I remember that when it was proposed to abolish pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham some of the older members objected, arguing that the club had been established for pigeon-shooting and not as a polo club. One very strong argument at that time in favour of the abolition of pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham was that her Majesty Queen Alexandra would not go to the club to watch polo while pigeons were still shot there.

The Game in America.

America, so Lord Roberts told the guests, did not take up polo until the 'eighties, and the team which Captain John Watson took across the Atlantic in 1886 won its first two matches at Newport so easily that the other matches arranged during the tour were abandoned. America did not feel strong enough in polo to challenge for the Cup until 1900, and it was only at their third attempt, in 1909, that the States, represented by the "Big Four," took the Cup back to America. Lord Wimborne, when he spoke on behalf of his team, expressed a hope—which sounded as though it were a promise—that an American team would come over next year to attempt to regain the Cup. If the Americans do send over a team, they will get a most enthusiastic reception in England, whether they win or lose, for the returned polo-players have now added their tribute to the chorus of compliments that has been paid to the Americans for their sportsmanlike behaviour towards our men.

Clergymen in the Boxing-Ring.

Whether a clergyman can with propriety act as an official at a great public boxing match seems to me just as much a matter of taste as that other question which has been so much ventilated lately—whether ladies should watch boxing matches. For the good work that the clergymen of all denominations do who teach the lads of the poorest districts to box, and who institute clubs for boxing, there cannot be too much praise given. It keeps the lads out of mischief, and it teaches them to put up their fists fairly and to stand punishment like little heroes. All boxing which is for honour and glory and a silver tankard is, I am sure, sport that is good for Englishmen. Boxing in the Army has been wholly beneficial to the Army, and no sane man would, I am sure, object to a clergyman taking part in the direction of these matches, any more than any sane man objects to a muscular curate taking off his coat and boxing a round or two with the boys of his parish.



THE EX-LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD IN HIS LIGHTEST MOOD: WILLIE RITCHIE BUILDS SAND-CASTLES WITH GEORGE GRAVES (ON THE RIGHT).

Our illustration shows the American boxer Ritchie helping George Graves to build sand-castles at Brighton, where the famous light-weight trained for the great fight with Freddy Welsh at Olympia which deprived him of the title of World's Champion.

Photograph by Alfieri.

Women at the Ring-Side.

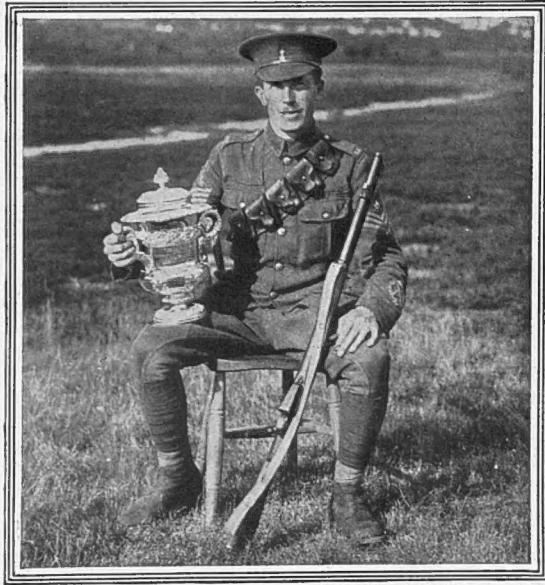
But a boxing contest for large sums of money may very well, I think, come into a different category from boxing for glory only, though a large purse doubtless brings into the ring the flower of athleticism, and no contests could be better managed than those at Olympia. If a lady wishes to see boxing, and knows what she is likely to see, men should not make rules to keep her away from the ring-side. But just as I always look curiously at any lady who tells me she goes to bull-fights, wondering whether the bloodshed there is the attraction which draws her, so, if a lady told me she went to see boxing contests, I should wonder whether it was the science of boxing that attracted her or the perverted pleasure of seeing men hurt each other.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MR. MAX WOOSNAM—FOR HAVING A PARTIALITY FOR CAMBRIDGE BLUE IN ATHLETIC DRESS.

Mr. Max Woosnam, of Trinity, Cambridge, who recently played against Oxford both at tennis and lawn-tennis, has also been for three years in the Cambridge "Soccer" team and is a Welsh International, has got a "half-blue" for golf, and is a good cricketer.—The competition for the Army Shooting Championship, held at Pirbright,



SQUADRON SERGEANT-MAJOR J. E. ANDERTON—FOR BEING THE FIRST CAVALRYMAN TO BECOME CHAMPION SHOT OF THE ARMY.

was won by Squadron Sergeant-Major J. E. Anderton, of the 19th Hussars. He is the first cavalryman to carry off the Gold Jewel of the National Rifle Association.—Count Constantin Benckendorff, who dived into the Thames in a plucky attempt to rescue Sir Denis Anson, is a son of the Russian Ambassador.

Photographs by Sport and General, L.N.A., and Farringdon Photo Co.



COUNT CONSTANTIN BENCKENDORFF—FOR HIS PLUCKY ATTEMPT TO RESCUE SIR DENIS ANSON.



GUNBOAT SMITH—FOR MEETING AN ADVERSARY WHO WILL MAKE HIM BRING ALL HIS GUNS INTO ACTION.

As mentioned on our front page, Gunboat Smith meets Georges Carpentier to-morrow (the 16th) at Olympia for the Heavy-Weight Championship of the World.—Princess Margrethe of Denmark is said to be the first Princess in the world to enter at a University. Our photograph shows her in her student's cap, which is more like a yachting-cap than a "mortar-board."—When Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Money,



PRINCESS MARGRETHE OF DENMARK—FOR HAVING SUCH A NICE "MORTAR-BOARD" AS THE FIRST UNDERGRADUATE PRINCESS.

Photographs by Sport and General, Underwood and Underwood, Gabell, and Russell.

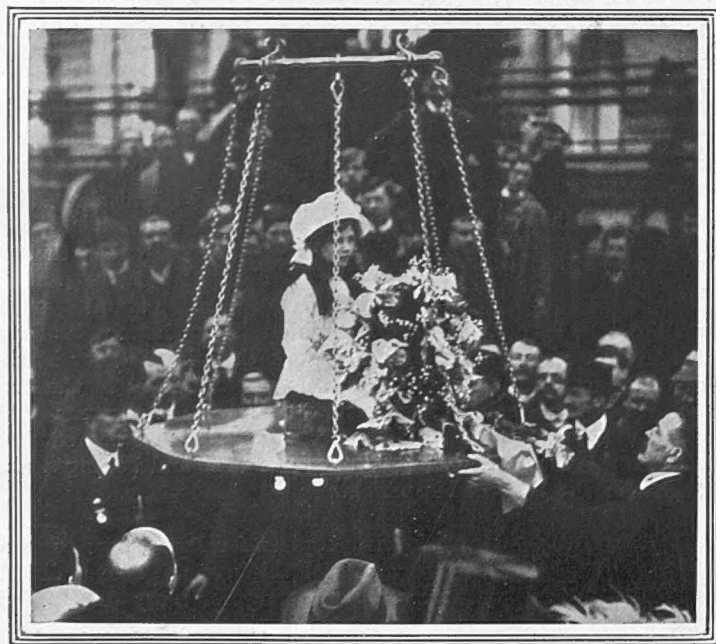


MRS. G. W. DAWES—FOR HAVING FOUND SUCH EFFECTUAL MEANS OF OVERCOMING PARENTAL OBJECTIONS.

who had opposed the engagement of their daughter Margaret to an Army airman, Captain G. W. Dawes, threatened recently to take their daughter abroad, it came out that she and Captain Dawes were married early in the year.—After reading part of his reply to the Address of the Glasgow City Council, the King found that the Secretary for Scotland, Mr. McKinnon Wood, had given him the wrong speech.



THE SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND—FOR PROVIDING THE KING WITH SOME COMIC RELIEF IN REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS.



MISS ANNIE DUNLOP—FOR RIDING ON SUCH A STRANGE BIRD AS AN OVER-HEAD CRANE TO VISIT THE QUEEN.

When their Majesties visited the Parkhead Steel Works at Glasgow the other day, a little girl, the daughter of a time-keeper, was brought to the Queen's presence on the giant overhead crane and presented her Majesty with a bouquet.—Lord Lonsdale last week visited the Costers' Sports at Homerton and presented the prizes. On the



LORD LONSDALE—FOR BEING BOTH OBVIOUSLY AND PRACTICALLY THE COSTERS' FRIEND.

field an individual came up to him, handed him a cane, and placed himself in the usual posture for receiving corporal punishment. Lord Lonsdale obliged, as did also Mr. Bob Sievier, and the self-sacrificing victim went off with a grin on his face and some silver in his pocket.

Photographs by C.N., and P.I.C.

THE SAD END OF A MIDNIGHT LAUNCH - PARTY.



SOME OF THE GUESTS ON THE FATAL NIGHT AND THEIR RELATIVES AT THE INQUEST.

Seldom have so many well-known people in Society been concerned in an accident as was the case with the tragic midnight cruise of the river-launch "King" on the Thames, which ended in the drowning of the very popular young Baronet, Sir Denis Anson, and a bandsman named William Mitchell, who went in to his assistance. The host who entertained the party on the launch was Count Constantin Benckendorff,

who also made a brave attempt at rescue. He is a son of the Russian Ambassador. Among others on board were Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; Miss Iris Tree, daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree; Miss Nancy Cunard, Mr. Raymond Asquith, son of the Prime Minister; and the Hon. Jasper Ridley, brother of Lord Ridley. All these attended the inquest.

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co., G.P.U., Record Press, Sport and General, Central Press, L.N.A., Alfieri, and Lafayette.



A PLAY WITH A PAST: "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET," AT THE ADELPHI.

Chequered History
of a Play.

The history of "The Belle of Bond Street" is rather quaint. A French author, M. Gandillot, wrote a farce called "La Mariée Récalcitrante," which enjoyed a great success in Paris. Some time later, a British playwright saw it and prepared an English version under the name of "The Girl from Jay's." An English manager had it converted into a book for musical comedy. Suitable and agreeable music was written by Mr. Cecil Cook. The piece was announced—then came trouble. For the famous house on the south-west corner of Oxford Circus, long the shrine of the popular Mr. H., worshipped by the ladies, protested, and issued a writ, being very properly anxious to prevent the world from thinking that the young ladies of the establishment belonged to the class represented by the girls in the play. So the name was changed to "The Girl from Kay's," under which title it was presented at the Apollo Theatre in November 1902, with Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Letty Lind, and Mr. Willie Edouin in the cast. Musical comedy unfortunately has lost these three stars—one by desertion, the next by retirement, the third by death. M. Gandillot, imagining that he had some right to prevent the production, brought an action for infringement of copyright which came before Mr. Justice Darling, who was horrified at the legal questions involved concerning the performing rights, for Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Eldon Banks threatened him with a complicated argument—a mosaic from Acts, treaties, and conventions—and so he induced the parties to come to a friendly settlement. And now the piece pops up serenely at the Adelphi, and I venture to copy part of the programme textually: "Sam Bernard in 'The Belle of Bond Street' (the American version of 'The Girl from Kay's'), a musical play in three acts." No reference, you will see, to any author at all, no mention of any composer's name, though later on there is a statement as to the composition of two of the songs thrown in. One could hardly expect a logical, well-proportioned masterpiece or a triumph of imaginative art under the circumstances. And yet throughout "The Belle of Bond Street" one perceives signs of its ancient coherent structure; and even the plot indicated by the title "La Mariée Récalcitrante" has some importance.

The Rebellious
Bride.

The bride was young Mrs. Gordon, who quarrelled on her wedding-day with her husband because she caught him in a kiss with the Belle of Bond Street—I say "in a kiss" because in this particular case there was a doubt who was the donor and who the "donee" of the kiss,



THE CHILLY HONEYMOON AT FLACTON-ON-SEA: HARRY (MR. MARTIN BROWN) AND NORAH (MISS MABEL SEALBY) INDULGE IN CONCENTRATED THOUGHT EXERCISES.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

a word which, having no Irish blood in my veins, I use unblushingly. So she insisted on occupying Room No. 17 and putting her husband into Room 42 in the honeymoon hotel at Flacton-on-Sea. This treatment did not suit the young man, who was not of the type of

the early Teutonic tribes, in which it was the custom for the first year of connubial life to constitute *un mariage blanc*. Moreover, I fancy he had not read Montesquieu's witty, diverting "Lettres Persanes" and learnt about the restraint of the Persian bridegroom—perhaps if he had he would merely have said, "Persicos odi puer," using Horace in an upside-down fashion. However, of course, the



BUTTONHOLED ONCE MORE: HOGGENHEIMER (MR. SAM BERNARD) DECORATES WINNIE MISS INA CLAIRE), AS WILLIE EDOUIN DID IN DAYS OF YORE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

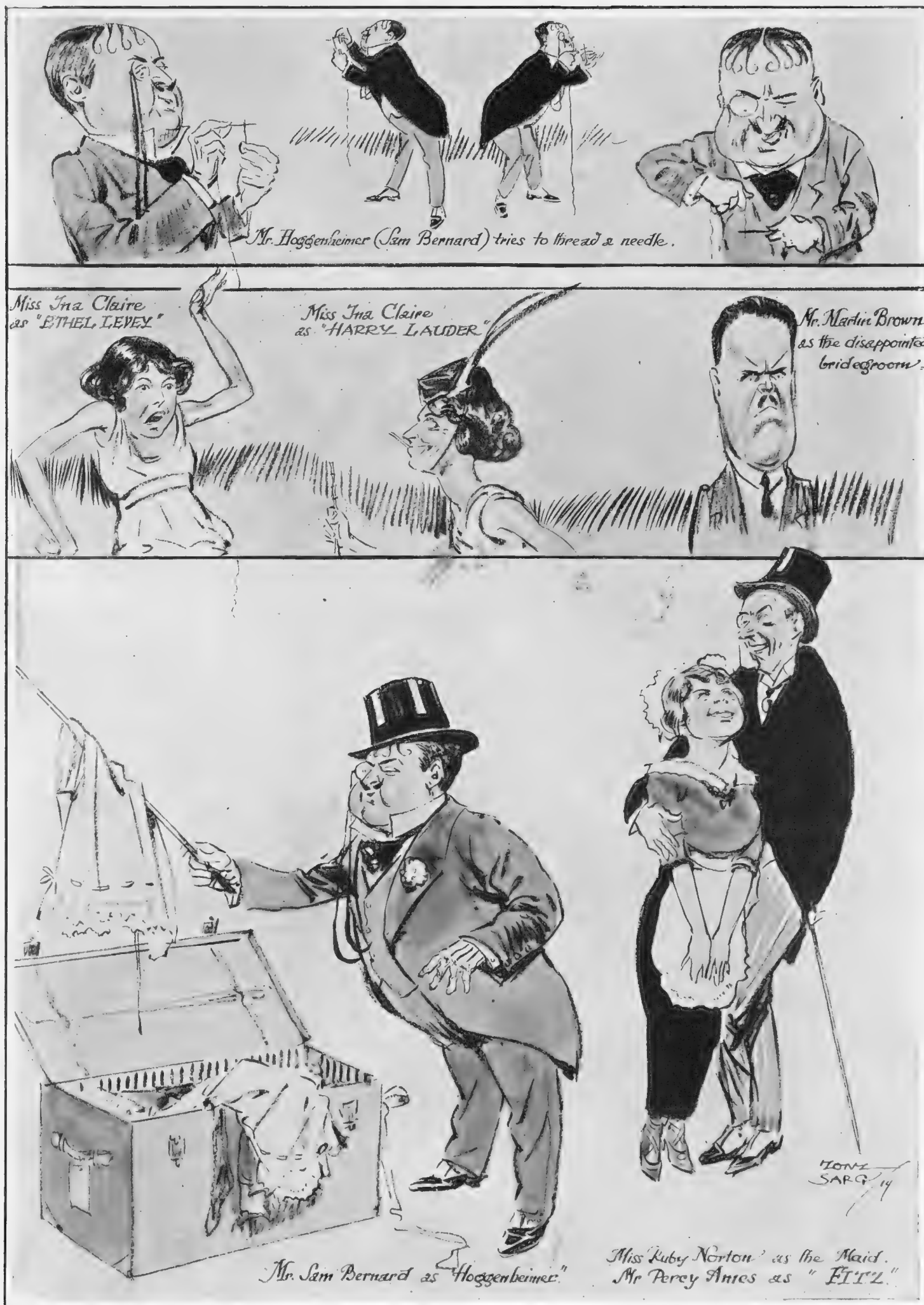
charming bride gets reconciled to her groom in the end, and nothing much hangs on this aspect of the piece, though I might observe that Miss Mabel Sealby plays the part of the bride quite cleverly.

Miss Claire's
Imitations.

After all, we went to see "Mr. Sam Bernard in 'The Belle of Bond Street,'" though I venture to whisper that I got much greater pleasure from the performance of Miss Ina Claire as the Girl from Kay's. No doubt the little dramatic note introduced by Miss Ethel Irving has disappeared—perhaps it is as well, for a suggestion of reality in the girl makes the thought of her alliance with Hoggenheimer too horrible, even if she is a young person entitled to no sympathy whatever. Miss Claire sings quite prettily, and it is a pity she has not better music to sing; whilst the real "hit" of the evening consisted of her imitations. That they were irrelevant, as irrelevant as a pickled onion in a Pêche Melba, is not her fault, whilst it is her merit that they were extremely good. The "Miss Ethel Levy" was an extraordinary reproduction of the strange voice and weird movements of the brilliant Queen of Rag-Time; whilst her "Mr. Harry Lauder" was the music-hall droll himself, dulcified, and caused roars of enthusiastic laughter: I hope the young lady won't have to pay early for twisting and contorting the features of *son gentil petit minois* (English—"jolly little mug") in these comic efforts. Mr. Sam Bernard, the Hoggenheimer, is a quaint performer of the German Jew type, and for us has the supreme virtue of novelty. What we shall think of him when the novelty wears off I cannot tell: as far as I can judge, he has less originality in humour than Willie Edouin; the audience was delighted by his fatuous air, his swagger, his queer broken English, his weird make-up, and his frantic, almost epileptic, singing of a defamatory comic song about the wife of Rip van Winkle. Certainly Mr. Bernard has made a big "hit," and at present is the joy of the patrons of musical comedy. And there were crowds of confident American chorus-girls, all with an air of deeming themselves triumphantly beautiful, and they wore lots of gorgeous clothes, and showed considerable independence in their concerted dancing; and we had abundance of rag-time stuff in place of the original music, and some violently athletic dancing by Mr. Sammy Lee, and quaint American accents uttered by people supposed to represent mere Britishers. Altogether, a strange, fantastic kind of entertainment which gave a great deal of pleasure to the audience when I was there, even if very little of it appealed to the critic.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET,"



AMERICANISED AND JUST AS AMUSING: "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" BECOME "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET,"
AT THE ADELPHI.

In the comparatively early days we knew her as "The Girl from Kay's," but since then she has been Americanised and has returned across the Atlantic as "The Belle of Bond Street." There is much that is new, and much that is

altered in the American version. Mr. Sam Bernard gives an entirely new idea of "Piggy" Hoggenheimer. Miss Ina Claire's imitations are a feature of the American edition. The honeymoon at Flacton-on-Sea is as funny as ever.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CALLAGHAN.

THE King, in joining the Navy at Spithead, joins many old friends. The ships may be new, but the men he has most to do with this week are well known to him. Admiral Callaghan is one of them. As Naval A.D.C. to Edward VII., the Admiral came within range of royal observation; he was judged by a keen eye to be a particularly able officer; and even if King Edward preferred to teach his naval acquaintances rather more about the points of a horse than he ever learned from them about the points of a battle-ship, he was seldom deceived in the judgments he formed of the character and capabilities of seafaring men. According to a friend who saw much of him under such conditions, his Majesty could pick out a man from a Goodwood crowd, and name, at sight, his *métier* or profession and his rank, and even hazard a very fair forecast of his prospects. In Callaghan he "spotted" an easy winner.

The Flag-Ship.

King George has had a different and less ready rule of reckoning. He goes to sea for his sea-views; he seeks the intimacy of his officers on the bridge. When he boards the *Iron Duke* he falls at once into the spirit of the ship, and finds in the Admiral a type of the complete British sailor. The *Iron Duke* herself is a stranger to all except those who have actually manned her, for she was commissioned for the first time only a few months ago, is 25,000 tons, and carries ten 13.5 and twelve 6-inch guns. She is therefore, in the language of the landmen, a "super-Dreadnought," or, in the language of the prophets, already on the way to becoming a "superseded-Dreadnought." But his Majesty will read her like a book, and the Admiral is her editor.

"Royalty" Men and Others.

Whatever may have been, and whatever is, the pleasantness of the associations between the King and Admiral Callaghan, there is no talk, even among the gossips of the lower deck, of his being a "royalty" sailor. "Royalty So-and-So" used to be a title given to any officer who got to the head of things. But Sir George Callaghan has never been unduly hoisted aloft. Although he was A.D.C. to King Edward for eighteen months, got his C.V.O. on the occasion of the Review in the Solent in 1907, his K.C.V.O. when the King and Queen went to Malta in the *Victoria and Albert* in 1909, is a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy and the same in the Legion of Honour, he remains, to all intents and purposes, a plain man who has worked through all the stages of the Service strictly according to the regulations. A meagre knighthood is the most that comes the way of the big man of the Navy. Though Mr. Winston Churchill has the ear of the Premier, he has not yet done much in diverting the usual course of

honours; they still run in commercial channels. But Winston is ambitious for his department, and, with the final authority vested in the Sailor King, we may yet look to see a more generous bestowal of titles on the Fleet.

Money and the Mess.

Sir George's present appointment is the one that matters most to an officer who believes in serving at sea. The Lords of the Admiralty have divers advantages, but to be Admiral of the Home Fleets—which in reality means the control of several Fleets—is to be at the head of the naval profession.

With a salary of £1825, augmented by table-money to the tune of £1642, the Admiral is, from the Service point of view, well paid. From the national point of view, however, we get our Admirals very cheap. The cost of entertaining (supposedly covered by table-money) is, in the Home command, an item not easily ignored. As yet we do not, as happens in the United States, save our officers their cellar bills by stepping in with a sea-going Prohibition Act.

A No-Clique Man.

An Irishman, Admiral Callaghan nevertheless contrives to keep his shillalah up his sleeve. He is not on the Admiralty's black-list of the contentious. When his term with the Home Fleet ends in December, he will not follow Lord Charles Beresford into the Commons to try to win the doubtful honours of debate with men who know the Westminster range and are able to make better practice than the most heroic amateur. He belongs to no clique, and talks nothing but Hindustani to the interviewers who go to him for salty comments on naval administration. And in belonging to no clique he is in the latest naval fashion. Cliques are now broken up, discredited, and finally wiped out.

Broken China.

His Hindustani he learnt in the early years of his career, and the no less complicated science of Fortifications he mastered while he was still a boy. Since then he has mastered every branch of his trade, from gunnery to sea-planes. In China in 1900 he was one of



TO COMMAND THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ASTLEY CALLAGHAN, K.C.B.

When the King goes to Spithead on Saturday to spend the week-end with the Fleet, he will be received by Admiral Sir George Astley Callaghan, who, on board his flag-ship, the "Iron Duke," will be in command. Admiral Callaghan has been Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets since 1911. He became a Captain in 1894, and has commanded the "Hermione," "Endymion," "Edgar," "Caesar," and "Prince of Wales." He saw active service in China, being in command of the Naval Brigade of the Allied Forces in the Relief of Pekin, 1900. Drawn up under his command at Spithead will be 55 battle-ships, 4 battle-cruisers, 27 cruisers, 28 light cruisers, 78 torpedo-boat destroyers, and other vessels, amounting altogether to about 200 ships—the largest gathering of war-ships ever seen. For the first time also there will be a naval air mobilisation, in which seaplanes and possibly air-ships will participate.—[Photograph by Symonds.]

the most prominent figures in the march of the Allies to Pekin, and himself commanded the British Naval Brigade. But he did not, like most of his fellows, capture a Pekinese chimney-pot for loot and convert it into an umbrella-stand for the use of his ladies at home, but he has sufficient relics of that famous episode, and was, moreover, mentioned in despatches. Both at land and sea, he is capable of the best sort of devotion. In other words, he is a sailor fit for the King.

THE CAMERA AGAIN: SNAPSHOTS OF SOCIETY.



MR. AND MRS. HAROLD SMITH.



LADY HORRIDGE.



MAJOR AND LADY FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY.

INTRODUCING "A LITTLE CONSERVATIVE" AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: GUESTS AT A CHRISTENING IN THE CRYPT.



THE PRINCIPALS IN THE CHRISTENING IN THE CRYPT: MRS. F. E. SMITH (THE HAPPY MOTHER), MASTER FREDERICK SMITH, THE NURSE, AND THE BABY.

A christening is an unusual occurrence at the House of Commons, but last week the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith was baptized in the crypt in the presence of many distinguished people in Society. The baby was christened "Pamela Margaret Elizabeth," and the god-parents were the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Florence Willoughby, the Duke of Marlborough, and Sir Edward Carson. The Bishop of



AT A HOSPITAL ANNIVERSARY: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AT THE PUTNEY HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

St. David's and Archdeacon Wilberforce, Chaplain of the House of Commons, performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have already another daughter and one son. On the same day the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who are constantly encouraging works of charity, attended the first opening of the Queen Alexandra Wing of the Home and Hospital for Incurables. And the ubiquitous photographers were there as well!

Photographs by L.N.A., Record Press, and International Illustrations.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE royal tour in the North was almost American in its swiftness. Each day's programme was so well packed that it was, at every point, a question of carrying it through with an eye on the minute-hand of an Equerry's impeccable watch.

Even when Mr. McKinnon Wood (to his own great confusion) handed his Majesty the wrong reply to one of fifty or more loyal addresses, so that the King read several sentences before discovering the error, the slight delay counted for something in the express journey across Scotland. His Majesty delights in the strictest sort of punctuality, and he managed to make his survey of Scottish commerce and Scottish scenery in exactly the allotted hour. Even Buchanan Castle, full of antiquities and surrounded by wonderful country, was notched off "on schedule time."

Scotland in a Hurry.

Forty minutes had been allowed for their Majesties' inspection of Buchanan Castle, and it got its forty minutes, neither more nor less. The landscape everywhere was given its share of attention, for the Scot is as jealous for the reputation of his scenery as he is for his cities and his corporations. That was one reason why the King and Queen arranged to do most of their travelling by day. Had they spent their nights in the train, they could have done more business by day; and Lord Kinraddie might have been admitted (as it was half-expected he would be) to the Order of the Thistle in Edinburgh last week. But the King and Queen had divers lochs and mountains to review on the day's journey, and instead of spending more time in Edinburgh, they went flying through a country that bristled with prospects and people. At every station and at every market-place, Provosts, Railway Directors, Shipbuilding Chairmen, Steel Presidents, and Officers Commanding were as numerous as the Scotch firs on the hill-side, and were duly presented, with their ladies, to their Majesties.

The Set.

There was something more than good-fellowship among the members of the river-party that ended in the death of Sir Denis Anson. The Hon. Jasper Ridley and Count Constantin Benckendorff are brothers-in-law; Lady Diana Manners and Miss Tree are hereditary comrades, for their mothers were at school together; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Asquith are related to Mr. Edward Horner—so that a streak of kinship ran through the party. Sir Denis himself was almost the

only unattached person of the whole fifteen, and had, indeed, been known to most of them for a very brief period. But among people who are half "souls" and half tomboys, friendships are quickly formed. To see Sir Denis once was to love him, and the river-party was, in a sense, intended to set the seal on his reception into the "set."

A Reputation Saved.

Count Constantin Benckendorff came very much nearer drowning than most people think when he jumped into the Thames after his friend and the musician. For a moment he thought that his reputation was gone—the reputation of having a "charmed life." In the attack on Port Arthur, his escapes were miraculous, and in one particularly deadly engagement, he was the only officer who came through without a Japanese bullet. His great size made those escapes the more remarkable; but in the river he was, probably, only saved by his prodigious muscular strength.

It was a question of fighting the current, and only he was able to do it. He has, even in ordinary clothes, the look of an extraordinarily strong man; stripped, he is a Hercules.

Picture-Women.

Lady Rachel Stuart-Wortley, last week's lovely bride, counted among her presents a quantity of silver from her great-aunt Susan, Lady Wharncliffe. The aged Countess belonged in her day to a group of famous beauties. She sat, with the more youthful Duchess of Rutland and Mrs. Langtry, for Sir Edward Poynter's "Nausicaa."

Lady Rachel, though her curls conform to the fashion of this year of grace, might well take her place among the President's Grecian maidens. The curious thing is that no painter of to-day seems able to immortalise a lovely generation except in plain-going conventional portraiture. It is an epoch of dressing-up, but all for nothing as far as picture-making is concerned.

Duchesses in Partnership.

The break-up at Stafford House meant the breaking-up of an establishment and nothing more: the family is intact. "The Duchess of Sutherland and Millicent Duchess of Sutherland at Home at Hanover Lodge"—thus ran the invitation for the sale of metal-work and homespun on Monday. A mother-and-daughter-in-law partnership is so rare, even in the name of charity, that the card establishes a kind of record, and the sale itself was an unprecedented success.



MISS ELSIE CHRISTIE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. C. W. PARISH WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 14TH).

Miss Elsie Christie is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Bonham Christie, of Marston Park.

Photograph by Beresford.



TO MARRY MR. ERSKINE HARPER ON THE 18TH: MISS GLADYS GILROY.

Miss Gladys Gilroy is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gilroy, of Birkdale, Lanes.

Photograph by Foulds and Hibberd.



MISS VERA HICKS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN LEONARD KIRKE SMITH WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 14TH).

Miss Vera Hicks is the only child of the late Captain Hicks, and only grandchild of the late Hicks Pasha.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MAJOR F. W. GOSSET TO-MORROW (THE 16TH): MISS MARY ROKEYB MADDOCK TRICKETT.

Miss Mary Trickett is the only child of the late Mr. F. Trickett and Mrs. Trickett, of Rutland Gate.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MR. CLEMENT WOODBINE PARISH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS ELSIE CHRISTIE WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 14TH).

Mr. Clement Parish is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Parish, of Sandhayes, Warminster. He is a Barrister of the Inner Temple.

Photograph by Beresford.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN LAKIN ON THE 18TH: MISS KATHLEEN FITZGERALD.

Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald is the daughter of Lady Maurice Fitzgerald, of Johnston Castle, Wexford.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



CAPTAIN LEONARD KIRKE SMITH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS VERA HICKS WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 14TH).

Captain Smith is in the Royal Scots, and is the son of Mr. F. P. Smith, of Barnes Hall, Grenoside, Sheffield.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE STAGE BATHING-DRESS AND THE REAL BATHING-DRESS.



1. LESS SCANTY ON THE STAGE THAN ON THE PLAGE: BATHING-DRESSES IN "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET."

2. to 6. MORE SCANTY ON THE PLAGE THAN ON THE STAGE: BATHING-DRESSES AT DEAUVILLE.

Some fair bathers, particularly in America, we believe, regard the sea-shore as a promenade of fashion, and prefer to display their costumes on the sand rather than in the water. Thus in "The Belle of Bond Street"—the American version of "The Girl from Kay's," at the Adelphi—a bevy of naiads at "Flacton-on-Sea"

wear some remarkably elaborate costumes in the rag-time number called "A Tango Dip." For those who take their bathing seriously, and really "go in," the simple garb shown in the other photographs is more useful, and to some people quite as attractive.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS. (Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

I LIKE Paris; I like it best when it is most gay, jolly, seductive—in the week, let us say, of the Prix de Drags and the Grand Prix—so that I cannot welcome a certain depression of spirit which seems, at least since the season began which has just ended, to have settled upon its fortunes. The professional exploiters of its charms, if they are frank enough to admit that there is anything lacking, account for it in several ways. Mostly they attribute it—on the authority, I suppose, of their Republican visitors—to the malign influence of President Wilson. But, potent though he is, I don't fancy that the American President need bear all that weight on his shoulders. His policies may or may not have been the cause of the hard times which the Americans complain of and anticipate, but they cannot be responsible for the facts that there are, comparatively speaking, hardly any English in Paris this year, and no very generous crop of visitors from Peru, and Chili, and all those vast States which most of us think of as lying somewhere south of that thin strip that separates the two Americas and in dangerous proximity to one another's revolutions. The non-arrival of the South Americans is a serious matter. They spend so much money, and many of them spend it so foolishly, that if they had come over in any quantity they would alone almost have been able to redress the balance.

For it is your money that Paris wants, all you have about you and all you can get by cabling for it. It goes through your pockets carefully, making sure that you carry no concealed wad of English notes or American dollars in a money-belt, and then, having patted you on the cheek, has its imported gypsies play carelessly some of your own national music, and having given you some very poor old brandy or some champagne which wasn't quite good enough to send to England, it suggests very prettily, in such a way indeed that you would require a heart of stone to refuse, that it won't take you very long to send for a few more thousand francs. It is all done with great skill, each step in your seduction is taken at the propitious moment. . . . But there are plenty of signs that this courtesan city has carried things a little too far. The real reason why Paris of this season has not been gay and crowded is that its victims are beginning to suspect the truth.

At breakfast yesterday, crossing the Channel, I couldn't help hearing an Englishman discussing with a friend the impositions to which he had been subjected. He had tired a little of London, so he had gone over to Paris to spend a fortnight of his "leave." He

knew all the cities of the world, he said, or most of them, but for some reason he had never before stopped in Paris. Frankly, he was disappointed, and his disappointment was the more interesting in that he looked the kind of man who would know how to enjoy himself; and to whom a few hundred francs more or less, at least while he was having one of his rare good times, would make no great difference. "Everywhere I went in Paris," he said, "I ran up against one word—one word or its variant. It was *pourboire* everywhere, and if it wasn't *pourboire* it was *benefite*." He'd had the usual experience of the French theatre—finding that, whatever was the nominal price of a stall, the actual price was several francs more. He had been worried out of all patience by the constant music which made it impossible to lunch or dine or sup in any place of which he had ever heard in either peace or comfort. He had felt that insult was added to injury when

the first violin had hung about his table or had pursued him into the hall to exact payment for playing that he neither liked nor wanted. He had been to Montmartre and his friends had told him that for some reason or other the recent glories of that parish of the devil had begun to fade—they had to tell him something of the kind to explain why its famous restaurants were so dull and even empty. He had looked at the pretty ladies of Paris, the ladies whose profession it is to be pretty, and he had found them all about ten years older than he thought suitable. . . . Altogether he was going back to England out of conceit with Paris and very satisfied that he was an Englishman and very indignant at having been imposed upon at every step. "It isn't the fifty centimes here or the ten francs there that I mind; it's the being taken for a fool. Let them charge whatever they please as long as they are frank about it; but now the way they go about things is sheer robbery. It'll be a long time before I go there again." A lot of people are thinking the same.



NOT THE WEDDING, BUT THE BOXING RING: A PARSON WHO ACTED AS M.C. AT A CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

For the first time in connection with first-class boxing a clergyman, the Rev. Everard Digby, Vicar of St. Agatha's, Finsbury, acted as Master of the Ceremonies at the boxing match between Bombardier Wells and Colin Bell at Olympia for the Heavy-weight Championship of the British Isles.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



RINGING THE CHANGES ON THE PARSON IN THE RING: ANOTHER CLERICAL M.C. AT A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

In deference to the wishes of the Bishop of Stepney, the Rev. Everard Digby did not officiate as Master of the Ceremonies at the contest between Welsh and Ritchie for the Light-weight Championship of the World at Olympia. His place was taken by Father Boudier, of St. Michael's, North London.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

"The Sketch" Supplement to the "Encyclopædia of Sport"!



IX.—DRAWING RED HERRINGS ACROSS THE SANDS OF DEE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

THE GLOVES AND THE HANDKERCHIEF. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

NO, I did not go—did you? I did not refrain because of Mrs. Grundy's last wheeze, because it might be considered bad form, "not nice," or "what rot not?" as you say in English, but for the same reason that I can't stand a bull-fight, or the gutting of a chicken, or a rough sea-trip. My solar plexus is absurdly delicate. I could not have sat serenely and seen the smashing of Bombardier Wells' face—which, by the way, I vastly admire. I belong to—as Carlyle wrote—"an over-sensitive race." I don't believe we are, as a people, over-sensitive at all. I rather like to think my sensitiveness is my own private misfortune, and nurse it proudly as if it were a peculiar pet malady.

I like strength and I like sport, but why cannot sport be a sane struggle? I do not object to jaw-smashing, but it must be as a punishment, not as a wager. I approve of deadly duels, but not of skin-deep puerile patterns on German students' faces. I like strength used to some intelligent purpose, and a fight for money seems to me very much like the prostitution of prowess—venal valour!

The discussion which took place some time ago as to the suitability of women's presence in the boxing-ring amused me greatly. For to whom should men exhibit strength if not to women? In Paris women go to boxing matches as they go to the Russian Ballet—as a matter of course, and pretty much for the same reasons. Ask them for those reasons, and they will talk about the tremendous technique of Carpentier, the agility of Nijinsky. Technique?—tut, tut! Thighs and biceps and beautiful brutes are the attractions of the ring and the stage for the majority of feminine patrons. Women never read the accounts of the boxing matches as men do—they don't want to know, they want to see. Set an anæmic and diminutive tailor to fight a puny cobbler—or any workers of sedentary and unhealthy lives—and even had they the souls of Trojans and the science of Jack Johnson, women would not go to the match. It is not so much the match that interests them as the men—not the game but the gamblers. It is not the issue of the combat, but the sinews of the combatants that hold their attention, not the uncertainty, but the reality of the strife. As a matter of fact, uncertainty or chance, which pleases man and keeps him hopeful and happy, does not appeal to woman. Being primitive, she is also prudent, as in the lawless times when prudence was a necessity. The past is never quite dead. Through a primitive prism women see in Carpentier the Cave conqueror of the Stone Age, and once more in the Ring the Roman Red Revels.

Some time ago already I read in a French paper an article by Paul Bourget in which this intimate of women gave away in sarcastic statistics the feminine penchant for pugilists.

The lucky ones—

Boxers, 100 per cent.; Actors, 99 per cent.; Artists, 15 per cent.

And now we come to the unfortunate for whom feminine favours are few—

Kings, 1 per cent.; Bankers, 5 per cent.; Scholars and Teachers, 3 per cent.

Very meagre! It would seem as if women had little thirst for knowledge. But, with all due deference to M. Bourget's—shall I say intuition of experience?—I am not sure that his figures are quite correct concerning artists and bankers especially, or else my observations of my sex are erroneous. Artists are dears—mostly poor dears, alas! and women are expensive; and bankers may be bulky bores—but!!! As for kings, well, if M. Bourget is right, their job is still less enviable than I thought. Unkissed lies the head that wears a crown! I wonder why, now? Some kings are quite nice when you get to know them! Unfortunately, they are very busy men, which is a great mistake from the point of view of women with a temperament. They have not, poor beggars, as much leisure as pugilists have, and they marry young and for long—but it hardly justifies that sentimental boycotting, does it?

Do not imagine, amiable readeresses, that I am poking fun at you about your preference for pugilists! It is quite as it should be; and if I personally prefer man's mental to muscular mastery, it is merely that I am a degenerate!

"As long as man is attracted by beauty and woman by strength Eugenics will, in a great measure, take care of itself." This quotation of Dr. J. R. Horner, in the *Observer*, struck me as one of those interesting theories as impossible as they are beautiful. Woman is attracted by strength, and man is by beauty, but beautiful débâttantes marry aged bankers or worn men-of-the-world, and the strong men marry plain, pathetic little persons who appeal to their pity and protective instinct; and natural selection never gets a look-in—Society sees to that! Strength and beauty are gorgeous things, but they have not a chance against wealth and wiles. Marriages are made by management of the maid or her mamma! On the part of a man, it is more a matter of chance than choice—and still more often cowardice rather than conviction!

"To the brave, the fair!" is only natural, and consequently right; but it is not courage alone that grips women: it is courage—and a clapping crowd—valiance well in view, so to speak! I have never heard of a beautiful lady throwing the handkerchief to a humble hero of the fire-brigade, for instance; and a plain policeman, however handsome in appearance and valorous of soul, will always receive laudations from the larder quarters only! They lack, those modest men, the prestige of the ring and the stage. To please women, dash alone is not enough—it must be dash and splash!



IN "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO": MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS CHERUBINO.

Miss Maggie Teyte made her second appearance in Covent Garden opera this season as Cherubino in "Le Nozze di Figaro" on Tuesday last, a part which she played in the same place several years ago.



"A WHOLLY DELIGHTFUL FIGURE": MISS MAGGIE TEYTE'S WELCOME RETURN TO OPERA.

Speaking of Miss Maggie Teyte's reappearance in Covent Garden opera on the 2nd of this month, the "Daily Telegraph" said that her "Zerlina is a gem of purest water. . . . Moreover, in appearance and deportment, Miss Teyte makes a wholly delightful figure upon the stage."—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

NOT FUTURIST, BUT FURY FASHION!



FOR SALE.

"I want a paraffin-grey hat with flame-coloured trimmings."

"Yes, Madam. For a garden-party?"

"No. For a church-burning party."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



FROM SHEPHERD WITH CROOK AND STONE TO GOLF UNIVERSAL: A WANDERING PLAYER'S BOOK.*

Crook and Stone. There are Periods of golf, Mr. Leach will tell you, epochs as clearly defined as the Eolithic, the Pleistocene, and so on. They are the Primeval; the Prehistoric; the Most Royal and Ancient; the Early Scottish; and the Late Gutty. Knowledge of the first and second are wanting: no ardent Professor, delving amongst flint picks blunted and discarded by miners in the chalk, has unearthed a single branch or bone cut to semblance of driver, iron, or putter! But Sir Walter Simpson has imagined a beginning. He supposed a shepherd, minding his sheep, who often chanced upon a round pebble and, "having his crook in his hand, he would strike it away." In the ordinary course, "this led to nothing, but once on a time, 'probably,' a shepherd feeding his sheep on the links, 'which might have been those of St. Andrews,' rolled one of these stones into a rabbit scrape, and then he exclaimed, 'Marry! I could not do that if I tried!'"—a thought, so instinctive is ambition, as Sir Walter says, which nerved him to the attempt. Enter the second shepherd, who watches awhile and says then: 'Forsooth, but that is easy!' He takes a crook in his hand, swings violently, and misses. The first shepherd turns away laughing. The two fellows then perceive that this is a serious business, and together they enter the gorse and search for round stones wherewith to play their new game."

Historic Golf of Old. So, cheerfully skipping the generations and the centuries, we come to divers records. "We have in the most royal and ancient period the Stuart Kings playing their golf, and Charles I. hearing of mighty troubles to his throne perpending while he was golfing on the links of Leith; of James II. with his Court playing the golf at Blackheath . . .; of Mary Queen of Scots golfing with her favourite Chastelard at St. Andrews." Again: "The game was played in Italy before any golf club, except one, was definitely established in Scotland, the only exception being the Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society, and lo! it was played there by a Scot, and a Scot so good as the bonnie Prince Charlie himself. When I first went to the Villa Borghese in Rome, I remembered," recalls Mr. Leach, "on approaching it through the park, that when Lord Elcho went there in 1738 he found the Prince playing in the gardens." Pau has a fine ripe age, too: it is one of the oldest golf clubs in the world. "At the beginning there was Blackheath, and then there were the Edinburgh Burgess, the Honourable Company, the Royal and Ancient, Aberdeen, and two or three other clubs. Golf, growing up, made its first leap across the seas to Calcutta in 1829, and seventeen years afterwards it settled in

Bombay. It first landed in Europe in 1856, and was definitely and thoroughly established at Pau."

The Red Flag and Golf. Blackheath: a name to conjure with indeed. To-day it remains unique. Still, the old red flag of traction-engine law obtains there. "The golfer is a dangerous person, death lurks in his flying ball, and so a man with

a scarlet banner must walk before the player to warn all people that he is coming on." Note, further, that the Royal Blackheath Club, with its origin in 1608, is the oldest in the world. In its earliest days, the course had five holes, then considered the correct number. As recently as 1869, the caddies were pensioners of the Royal Naval Hospital, Greenwich, in their quaint uniforms. The club is the only one which has its Field-Marshal, a prince among captains, who is in office for life.

Movable Hazards. Then to the present, when to play golf is to be one of a great fraternity whose dwellings are all about the world; when to be in possession of clubs and know how to use them, even indifferently, is better than any passport viséd and counter-viséd. In fact, we may say that golf is universal. That is why, for example, the Royal Bombay exists, though it is a golf course for one part of the day and something else for the remainder, and is, perhaps, the only course which is dismantled daily! "The fact is that it is situated on what is called the 'Maidan,' an open space near to the European business quarter, and the golfers, having no exclusive possession of it, are not allowed to play after half-past ten in the morning, and are required, when they have done, to remove their hazards. This obviously necessitates unconventional obstacles, and the club has had to resort to movable screens, varying from four to ten feet high, which are put up when play begins and taken away again when it is finished."

Holing Petitions.

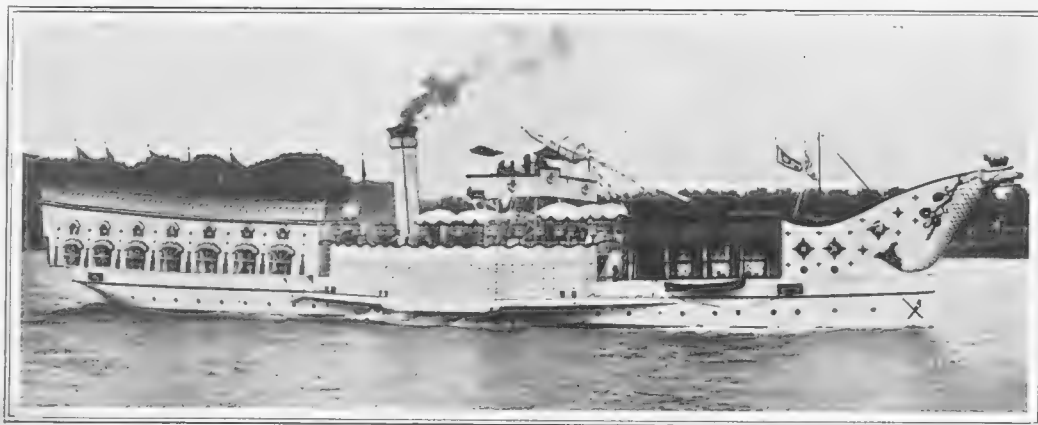
Now, having been introduced, buy and read Mr. Leach's book. It is capital; deals with many a subject other than those we have chosen for quotation; and is as cheerily philosophical as it is amusingly and thoroughly informative. You will like it. It will console you even when you are stale—

or if you find yourself troubled as was the Amir of Afghanistan! How was that? The ruler took to golf. Respectful subjects watched him, and noticed that he invariably sought with his little ball the holes that were about the course. "Being practical people, they perceived that they might turn the game and their royal master's fondness for it to their advantage, and therefore began to deposit in the holes at night such petitions as they had difficulty in getting placed before the royal eyes by any other means."



A MECHANICAL NEPTUNE: AN AMERICAN MACHINE THAT PRODUCES BILLOWS OR RIPPLES AS REQUIRED FOR BATHERS IN A QUIET LAKE.

This remarkable wave-making machine was devised for use at lake-side and other resorts in America where the water is too placid to provide thrills for bathers and boating visitors. It can produce waves of various kinds—choppy breakers, long rolling billows, or ripples, according to taste. Four plungers, electrically driven, work up and down in the water, in unison, or alternately, in different combinations.—[Photograph by Fleet.]



THAMES STEAMERS, PLEASE COPY! A RHINE PLEASURE-BOAT IN THE GUISE OF A VIKING SHIP. The pleasure-steamer "Delphine" recently appeared on the Rhine remodelled on the lines of an ancient Viking war-vessel. It looks very picturesque, especially when lit up at night with electric lights.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

* "The Happy Golfer: Being some Experiences, Reflections, and a few Deductions of a Wandering Player." By Henry Leach. (Macmillan; 6s. net.)

LOST BALL!

(With apologies to the usual club liar who claims that his ball has been taken by a bird.)



"'Ere comes my silly Pa with another golf-ball! Ah well! Thank goodness we don't live near a cricket-ground!"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE RODIYA GIRL.

By CARL R. FALLAS.

YOU could have taken them for gypsies. Clearly they were folk of no quality, camping there by the high-road. A green parrot came out of a clump of sugar-canes to peck at their crumbs of boiled rice; the monkeys shouted at them from the palm-tops. A few coolie families, coming from the tea-plantations higher up on the face of the hills, passed down to the village in the green valley below without even a glance aside.

A girl, sitting outside the circle busy with their handfuls of boiled rice, tried to tempt the parrot out of the sun, and the naked little children laughed to see its antics. It would hop quite near, then chatter quickly through its curved red bill and prance off by fits and starts with fluttering wings.

Everyone in the camp laughed except the girl who was causing the fun. She, extending her smooth dark arm, bare but for a bracelet at the wrist and another above the round elbow, stepped after the bird as it retreated into the sugar-canes. As she walked you could see a third bright rim just above her ankle.

"Catch the parrot, do, Lalita!" cried the children of the party.

A young man, his eyes pursuing her figure following the bird into the shade, looked up at the old fellow of the camp and observed—"She is going off."

"Ha, ha! Well, why don't you go after her?" clacked an old woman who did not trouble to hide her shrivelled bosom even with a scarf.

"No, no; she will come back," said the elder man definitely.

But when the camp moved out of the cold which came on with night, down to the village cattle-shed, and when, too, it passed out of the neighbourhood next day, Lalita had not returned.

Lalita, hiding all night in the jungle, heard the music of a thousand mosquitoes, the whir of the big blue beetles, saw the grasshoppers jumping everywhere in the moonlight, and, thinking every breaking twig was a snake, she drew closer about her limbs her *sarong* of palest blue dashed with spots of red—so pretty there in that white light. She turned her anklet round and round, and counted the red beads at her neck, or started from sleep to hear a wild pig go grunting headlong past.

In the morning, a withered seller of betel-pepper, sitting by the roadside with her back to a low-roofed ricksha shelter, seeing the girl wandering along in a vague sort of way, and noticing her beauty, asked her name, then repeated with a laugh—

"Lalita—precious stone. Hi, a very precious stone *thou* art. Come here."

And she made her sit down beside her, and, pressing half of her wares into her lap, ordered her to sell them. "My daughter, all the ricksha boys around will buy of you, and I shall grow rich," she cackled.

This was true. Each laughing coolie, after rubbing his eyes and stretching himself, came forth from the shelter and threw down his pice for a leaf with its smear of lime and a nut.

Sometimes, when the old woman went inside the hut, Lalita heard her cracked voice amid the sound of laughter. But Lalita kept out of the hut, though she slept in it at night. Not long afterwards, in the heat of a midday, a stubby native with a broad foolish face passed by beneath a huge umbrella, and quietly observed the girl as she was sitting there.

"Aha!" the old woman cried out. "Chandra . . . the man in the moon! The planter's tout . . . with his umbrella to keep off the dew, the sun, and the rain—and the glances of women! Chandra who ought to have been a priest. Now I shall lose my diamond!"

She was right.

For by and by the outcast had left her to become a tea-girl on the plantations, with a long basket on her back, into which she threw over her head the delicate new leaves nipped from the small bushes—all the other pickers keeping a wide circle round her and eyeing her with sidelong glances.

A ring of untouched shrubs caught the eye of the *kangany* (native overseer), lounging about with his short stick. His eye fell on the form of Lalita in the centre, on the red beads against the rim of

dark bosom exposed above the little coloured bodice worn now instead of her former scant wrap, and on her bare arm rising and falling as she worked.

Turning to a pretty child picker with a ring in her tiny nostril, he called out—

"Come here, little one."

"Stay there, child," cried out a woman picker boldly. And, with deep significance, she hooked her fingers on to her own bodice as if they itched to wrench it off, her eyes shooting from Lalita to the *kangany* and back to Lalita.

"She is a daughter of sin," loudly put in another plucker, a quite black, lovely girl.

"Dirt!" a third added.

The *kangany* could himself have led the coolies out on strike. At his order, too, they would have put up with almost any affront from the white owner of the estate. But in this instance he seemed to misinterpret the tone of the jabbering groups. Whilst he hesitated, his fingers tightening on his stick, all at once they began to descend the face of the hill—the little children first, then the women, last the men, who lit up their black little cheroots as they trooped down into the valley.

"Who are you?"

"Lalita—a Rodiya."

"Alas! I did not know," pretended the *kangany*. "I only obeyed Chandra, who obeyed his master."

At his hut that night stones came, and he dared not show his face. Then the shouting swelled as the pattering footsteps of a host went by.

"What is it?" he ventured to call out to a last foolish figure at the tail.

"They are going to duck a witch," panted Chandra in reply, delighted.

Finally, drowning the echoes of the folk ahead, came clattering the hoofs of a spurred horse with a white rider, to whom there appeared in a flash the silhouette of Lalita in the stream, her beads, her bodice torn off, one hand trying to save her *sarong*, which was loose, the other reaching down to a boulder in the stream, in an attempt to place thereon her wet, bare foot. . . .

Lalita's fate hinged upon that stone in the stream, to which she had bent down. What a picture!

So she is no longer a tea-girl. Her days now are passed in the shadows of the planter's bungalow. Peeping from behind her trellised verandah, as the homeward pickers trail down the valley into view each evening, she is a figure of stillness without life. She might be an image in dark terra-cotta, but for her live eyes, which will aimlessly follow the thin clouds gliding across the moon, whose beams pick out the skeleton of every tree and gleam a deep yellow on the hanging banana-bushes—but to her gaze, outlining only a figure on a horse ambling up the valley. Then she will quickly spit out her betel-nut and draw her knuckles across her mouth red with its peppery juice.

In the heat of noon, after eating her rice and fine spices, she will climb on to the plush divan, round about her the mosquito-curtain of silk gauze, and, cooled by the swinging fan above, fall asleep.

Why, the sweet and soft things of the earth are for her! And people are no longer angry with her in their blind way. She dares now to venture down the valley even into the bazaars, and will gladly buy little delicacies at a cost inflated by the impassive native dealers just when she has entered—she who has not hitherto bought so much as a pepper-nut. As the days have passed they have borne for her a fresh meaning, and as her eyes wander over the landscape shot with a thousand green hues she can see that nature is rich and prodigal and feminine as herself: in the old camp, too, it had been just the same.

She reckons up the days to be sure the heat will not be at its zenith, and that the rains will then drench the gutters clean and pure. She counts her beads a hundred different ways, as one might cast the dice. Often a suppliant at midnight before a holy

[Continued overleaf.]

THE SOFT SPOT.



THE IRATE PARENT (*who has been trying to satisfy Gerald's curiosity on every known subject under the sun*): Now, look here, Gerald, if you ask me another question, I whip you on the spot!

GERALD: W - what spot, Dad?

DRAWN BY BERTRAM PRANCE.



THE CONCERT-PARTY PROPRIETOR (*engaging a soprano*): Now, I want you to understand, Miss Deerly, that I like my boys and girls to be like one big family—no quarrelling—no jealousy.

MISS DEERLY: Oh, that's quite all right. I've never heard anything in the work of any other singer to give me the slightest cause for jealousy.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

shrine, she buys little paper prayers, which she tosses into her mouth and swallows.

It is a prelude. And at last she takes off her bracelet and the armlet above her right elbow . . . for a young prince to lie there in state in a castle built of day-dreams.

About that time, without a warning, in a land as remote to Lalita as the stars, something happened. He told her of it, and in an instant all the shining facets of this precious stone went dull. She could not conceive the idea, and she tried to elude it by shutting her ears. But the leave-taking was not the less real . . . the planter bound home, Lalita deeper into the interior, by train, by bullock-cart, and on foot to a native dwelling beyond the tea-hills, hidden from prying eyes in the recesses of the jungle, and known ironically to the neighbours as the house of the planters' wives.

She did not again see Chandra, who had chaperoned her, until some months had elapsed, when he brought from a new master a letter to another girl there. Then, she had held on to his hand as to a last link, so to speak. Now, she sprang forward to regain it as a first link—gleefully.

"Chandra!"

But Chandra's face seemed sillier and more like the moon than ever. Eluding her grasp, he might have been afraid of a serpent's sting, as, quick as the lightning beginning outside to play in the tree-tops, he opened his wet umbrella in her face. And, as he vanished, he grimaced absurdly and uttered a single word. It was enough—

"A Rodiya!"

Instinctively, as if in self-protection, Lalita's fingers went up to

her bosom. She could see the single thought in each of their minds. It was written on their faces. All in a breath the hand of the eldest girl snatched at her bodice . . . then another . . . a third even at the *sarong* enfolding her limbs.

Beaten, torn, she escaped into the rains. Better drenched through—drowned even—than their hands and more cruel words.

"Precious stone, indeed!" echoed after her—a last-flung sentence.

A little way on, she saw a betel-woman sitting in the entrance to a ricksha shelter. She looked very cosy, and as hospitable as Lalita's former friend, for that matter; but Lalita passed behind a hedge of thick undergrowth, and the betel-woman did not catch sight of her.

At dusk, near a village, tired to death, she saw a number of forms ahead, hurrying into the local cattle-shed. She joined them. Inside, one of the camp, a man, looking at her dripping figure, remarked in a subdued tone that no one heard—

"What a beauty!"

But another—an old woman—looking at Lalita's burden, and noticing the light complexion of the child's cheeks, said audibly—
"Poor fool!"

All the evening the thunder echoed through the jungle, or climbed up from the horizon to the zenith, and, pausing there, seemed then to split above each separate native hut. In the cattle-shed the lightning picked out every small spider in the corners, every blanketed form on the ground; and the rain splashing on the roof, and the water rushing along the choked gutters, made a great uniform noise in which everyone went to sleep peacefully.

THE END.



NOT IN THE SAME BILL: THE LEADING LADY AND THE "OLD WOMAN" PART.

THE WIFE OF THE DRAMATIST (to her husband): Your leading lady changes her dress seven times a night, but I have to make one do for the whole season!

DRAWN BY J. SIERRA.



ON THE LINKS

THE GOLF AT LE TOUQUET: EDGAR'S WONDERFUL PLAY: THE SUPERIORITY OF GIRL CADDIES.

The French Championship.

The French championships, and particularly the open event, have a way of being most entertaining. I suppose it cannot really be so, yet they seem to be continually more fruitful in curious incident than championships at home. Perhaps it is because there is less bustle and frantic excitement about them, and one's attention becomes focussed more exactly on details. Anyhow, the French Open Championship that took place at Chantilly last year was one of the most interesting affairs of its kind that I attended in the whole of that season; and Mr. Gillies, by leading the field for three successive rounds, created something of a sensation. The championship at Le Touquet this year—from which, as I write, I have just returned—was a very different kind of meeting, but it was exceedingly interesting throughout, and all the conditions and circumstances were most delightful. If Mr. Gillies had begun as well as he finished, he would have done as well as, or better than, he did last year; as it is, he has achieved an excellent distinction in being first amateur—for there were many good amateurs playing, including Mr. Ball, the Hon. Michael Scott, and others of such quality—and thereby winning the special trophy that was presented by President Poincaré. Edgar of Northumberland, a real Novocastrian, thoroughly deserved his victory. Anything more perfectly steady than his play throughout could not be imagined, and in a year when I verily believe the putting has been worse than it has ever been since golf became a popular game, it was a real pleasure to see a man who was not afraid of the hole, but stuffed the two-yard putts into it as if he really liked this part of the game. He is using a plain aluminium putter, and I should not be very much surprised to find James Braid going back to the same article very shortly. When Braid was at his very best, and did that marvellous 291 in the championship at Prestwick, he was using one of these. It was in the French championship at Chantilly last year that, so far as public exhibitions go, his putting first began to show signs of paralysis, for on that occasion he was missing so many of hardly more than a foot that it became really amusing, and the old champion himself was one who smiled. He tells me now that he fears every putt that is over a foot, and he wants to know, rather suggestively, how he can be expected to putt when I have got the only putter he ever really loved, for he gave me for a keepsake the instrument with which he achieved the glory of 291 in the championship of six years ago.

Le Touquet.

Le Touquet was simply glorious all through the meeting. The course has improved wonderfully since I saw it last. Most of the holes are very good—

they are all interesting; and the putting-greens are in a fine state. Such reconstructions as have been made in recent times are great improvements. The seventh is a capital hole now, with its new plateau green; and some of those that follow are very good pieces of golf. A big and unwieldy crowd of spectators at

Le Touquet is, of course, an impossibility; and how different it was watching this championship and thinking about it from trying to get a peep at a ball now and then through a dense mass of thousands of people, as was the case at Prestwick. Small wonder that some of the professional players, letting their imagination run a little loose, pondered upon the possibility of its becoming necessary to hold our own open championship in a foreign country on account of the spectator trouble, and then reflected that if only a few thousands of pounds were spent upon this course in the Pas-de-Calais it would be good enough for the purpose. They are all unanimous that open championships in the conditions and circumstances that obtained in Ayrshire last month will not do, and a most drastic change will have to be made at an early date.

The Good Girl Caddies.

Even though it is the same game everywhere, still, when it is played in France, it seems to acquire a special flavour. At Le Touquet the golf is piquant. Harry Vardon once told me that he would rather have a good girl caddie than almost any other kind of caddie in existence, and I believe that the girl caddies they have here are about the best in the world. They are quiet, attentive, and keen, and, having had some years of experience now, they have learned the game thoroughly from the caddie point of view, and know the way in which the holes should be played and what clubs should be used; while they can size up a man's form and his special abilities and disabilities in the most wonderful way. We become convinced that the average girl of the humbler classes is a more intelligent creature than the average boy—in France at any rate. They have a caddie-house at Le Touquet which is divided into two parts—one for the males and the other for the girls—and there is a sort of paddock or compound in front of each in which the caddies take the air when they are not engaged in their masters' service. Neatly attired as they are in their blue overalls, with shawls about

their heads, the girls talk quietly together, and some of them do a little sewing or stitching of some kind; while in the adjoining compound a few of the occupants are swinging clubs, and others are showing in the most practical manner their sympathy with the new boom in boxing—you can see them fighting.

HENRY LEACH.



THE "SURPRISE PACKET" OF THE FRENCH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: J. D. EDGAR, WHO DEFEATED ALL COMPETITORS, INCLUDING THE ENGLISH OPEN CHAMPION, AT LE TOUQUET.

J. D. Edgar, of Northumberland, won the French Open Golf Championship, securing the medal and £50. Harry Vardon, the English Open Champion, was second, Ray third, and Taylor fourth. Edgar's putting was particularly fine: he used an aluminium club, not of the usual pattern, but having a noticeably small head. Edgar's scores were—first round, 71; second round, 74; third round, 70; fourth round, 73; total, 288.

Photograph by Sport and General.



FROM THE PALLADIUM TO THE PAVILION AND THE OXFORD.

I FOUND quite a large audience at the Palladium at the first performance of "Dora's Doze," which is defined in the programme as "a musical slumber in seven nightmares." This piece is, as is usual in these days, of the rag-time order, and is largely played by performers of American extraction. The dialogue and lyrics are the work of Mr. George Arthurs, the author of the "Honey-moon Express"; the music has been written by Mr. Louis A. Hirsch, the composer of "Hullo, Rag-time!" and "Hullo, Tango!"; and the production has been devised and staged by Mr. Ned Wayburn, who was responsible for the stage-work of the pieces named. Consequently it goes without saying that the plot is of more or less second-rate importance. It opens in the Living Room in a boarding-house at Hamborough, in which are living two sisters—one rather beautiful, and the other quite the reverse. After a scene of some length the ugly one is left at home while all the others go off in search of pleasure, and at the close the same scenery is displayed, disclosing her sitting and sleeping peacefully, from which we are led to gather that the varied turmoils through which she has meantime passed are all imaginary. The intermediate scenes are set in various parts of London, including the Great White City and behind the scenes at the Colipalladium, and at all these places the singing members of the company break out at intervals into songs of the rag-time order with the usual results. Miss Jenny Lynn plays the part of the ugly sister with all due skill, and that of the beautiful one is taken with success by Miss Connie Emerald; while the characters of their respective lovers are duly performed by Mr. Harry Ray and by Mr. Oscar Schwarz; and there are a variety of subsidiary performers who play their parts quite satisfactorily. But, on the whole, the piece cannot really be accounted a success entirely. Rag-time songs are gradually losing their

At Piccadilly
Circus.

Very frequently had I seen the name of Footgers outside a music-hall, but I had never seen the bearer of it until last week, when I went to the Pavilion. There was much else to be seen at the hall, including Mr. Harry Tate, who has reverted to his old skit, entitled "Fishing," but I went to see the Anglo-French Comedian and Mimic, and very entertaining I found him to be. His first imitation was of Caruso, which enabled him to display his voice very well, though the resemblance to Caruso was not too obviously apparent. He proceeded with a burlesque of Harry Lauder, which was excellently rendered. There is something very attractive in hearing the Scotsman travestied

by a foreigner, and, though the recollection of Miss Elsie Janis at the Palace was still fresh in one's memory, one could not help appreciating Footgers' performance of his task. But perhaps the most diverting part of his show came at the end, when he danced with a figure which he would have us believe was Miss Gaby Deslys. The dummy's feet were attached to his, and he made the house roar with laughter at the effects of this junction. It was altogether a neat performance, and one which deserved all the applause it received, and Footgers is to be congratulated upon his success. We do not see many Frenchmen on the stage of the music-halls nowadays, and it is consequently good to be able to welcome one to our midst.

The Bombardier. Boxing is now

quite the vogue, and one night last week I felt myself impelled to pay a visit to the Oxford Music Hall and to feast my eyes upon one of the heroes of the moment. For there, each of the evenings of last week, Bombardier Wells was permitting the British Public to gaze upon his magnificent proportions and to pay him the homage that is his

due. So, after I had sat awhile listening once more to the humours of "Mam'selle Champagne"—which, by the way, has settled down into a very substantial success—the curtain rose again, and there was displayed a series of animated photographs revealing the great man in his hours of training to the eyes of his admirers. One saw him boxing and running with his trainers, and beating the ball with all his might and main, and one also witnessed an amusing picture disclosing the great man engaged in a fistic contest with his little boy. After this, a well-dressed man advanced to the foot of the stage and volunteered a few remarks, in the course of which he led one to imagine that the Bombardier was now merely at the opening of his career, which was more or less certain to terminate in the downfall of all those who had or had not already vanquished him. This duly roused the assembly to lusty cheering, and thereupon appeared the Bombardier, who proceeded to box three rounds with a smaller but very determined person, the two retiring after their display amid a scene of great enthusiasm. The Oxford is to be congratulated on its enterprise in giving an opportunity of seeing this distinguished pugilist, for although the boxing is naturally not of a hefty order, it gives everybody a chance of seeing a fine figure of a man and of saying that they have done so. The sight is certainly as invigorating and as educational as is the vision of the now omnipresent revue.

ROVER.



DIANA AND THE PEKINGESE PUP: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS DIANA STAFFURTH IN "DRIVEN," AT THE HAYMARKET.

In "Driven," the young and neglected wife learns that she has only two years to live, and determines to make the most of them. Eventually it turns out that the doctors are mistaken, and the wife finds life with her husband would be better than eighteen months with her would-be lover. The reconciliation is clinched by the gift of a Pekingese puppy, which Diana had seen and longed for.



THE CANINE STAR WHO TAKES A "CALL": THE PEKINGESE PUP THAT HAS A "CURTAIN" ALL TO ITSELF AT THE HAYMARKET.

When the curtain goes up at the end of the last act of "Driven" at the Haymarket, the audience is surprised to find none of the actors they expected, but only this Pekingese puppy, which proceeds with a meal, oblivious of the laughter and applause.

power of attraction, and audiences require something a little more original to-day, and this was distinctly noticeable at the Palladium, where the applause accorded to the actors was never of more than modified warmth.



THE GRAND PRIX: THE GREAT GERMAN VICTORY: A FEAT WITHOUT A RIVAL.

A Great Race. The years to come may bring forth some epic motoring contests—may they be many!—but it will be long enough before the memory of the Grand Prix of 1914 can be effaced from the minds of those who witnessed it from start to finish. It was prodigious! Here were six countries arrayed against each other with the best that they could produce in the way



PILED UP, I DON'T THINK: HARRY TATE, AIRMAN, MEETS WITH DISASTER AT HENDON.

Photograph by G.P.U.

of speed leviathans, but the hopes of ninety-nine per cent. of the spectators, who numbered hundreds of thousands, were centred on the twelve French cars—Aldas, Delages, Peugeots, and Th. Schneiders—and particularly on the Delages and Peugeots, which for two years running had carried off the blue ribbon of the motoring calendar for France. At the outset the French had something of a set-back, for a Mercedes car ran off with the lead and held it for five laps. Now this was serious enough, but Frenchmen consoled themselves with the fact that the other four Mercedes were travelling more slowly than their own chosen champions, and Boillot, on his Peugeot, was enthusiastically acclaimed as he swept by again and again at a rousing pace. When, moreover, the one Mercedes which was ahead was found to have given up the fray in the sixth round, their joy was unconfined; but when Boillot went on from lap to lap, still ahead, all the way from the sixth to the seventeenth, they regarded the race as a certainty for France.

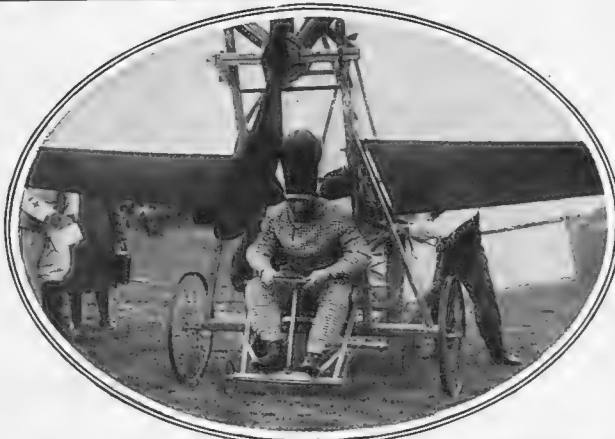
The Result of German Thoroughness.

But it was not to be, and a more decisive triumph and a more dramatic finish have never before been seen in motoring history. On the eighteenth round Lautenschlager, the winner of 1908, took the lead by a margin of 33 seconds. Still the French hoped—and the lead was increased to 1 min. 7 sec. The last lap came; what would it produce? Would either break down? Would Boillot somehow contrive a miraculous spurt? Or would the French suffer the mortification of seeing their man come in an inglorious second? Even that measure of glory was denied him. He never reached the post, and not only did Lautenschlager sail in a magnificent winner, but he was followed by two other Mercedes cars. Could any triumph have been more complete for the victors, or more woeful for the vanquished? But it was all the result of that splendid capacity for thoroughness which the Teuton can display when he fixes his mind upon a distant goal. The same thing was seen in the Austrian Alpine Trial. Individual German cars did badly like any others, but the team prizes were gained by German firms, the Audi and the Hansa; and the former had the amazing distinction of starting five cars and bringing every one of them through without a penalty-mark—a feat absolutely without a rival.

A Handy Accessory.

The ordinary private owner's view as to the management of a motor-car is very different from that of the paid chauffeur or the workshop mechanic. To the first-named nothing is more repugnant than the process of filling grease-cups, and I, for one, have always waged war on this particular type of fitting, and have never been able to understand why grease-cups could not be reduced almost to zero, instead of their being, as in some cars, crowded all over a chassis. I am perfectly certain that in many places where they are used oil would do just as well, and would certainly be vastly more convenient to the amateur who looks after his own car, and, so long as he takes an oil-can in his hand, may just as well apply it to two dozen lubricators as to two. The process of removing grease-cups, filling them and screwing them on again, is the most "messy" job that he has to tackle, and, moreover, is one that must be attended to pretty often if the car is to be kept in proper order. So long as grease-cups are fitted, however, they must be filled, and owners may welcome whole-heartedly, therefore, the grease-cartridge which has been introduced by the Vacuum Oil Company. It is in the form of a cylindrical tin, in 2-lb. and 7-lb. sizes, at 2s. and 4s. respectively, containing Mobilubricant for pressure-cups, or transmission grease for gear-boxes, and is fitted at the top with a screw which regulates the delivery of the lubricant, while the size of the aperture can also be adjusted. The grease can thus be injected expeditiously, cleanly, and without waste.

Plantation Rubber. Various tyre-manufacturers are now using plantation rubber, and are prepared to guarantee the tyres so made. Among the number is the firm of David Moseley and Sons, of Manchester, who mention that though their guarantee extends to three thousand miles, they lately received a letter from a client whose Moseley tyre had run 11,150 miles, and was still in good condition. The tyre was made entirely from plantation rubber. It is pointed out by the Dunlop Rubber Company that, contrary



WEARING THE LATEST IN SAFETY HELMETS: THAT WELL-KNOWN AIRMAN, MR. HARRY TATE, READY TO SOAR.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A COMIC AIRMAN BEATEN BY THE FORCE OF GRAVITY: HARRY TATE REMOVED FOR REPAIRS.

Some distinctly novel and blood-curdling thrills in airmanship were provided at Hendon the other day by Mr. Harry Tate, the latest recruit from the music-hall stage to the ranks of aviation. He fell in a good cause—that of the Joe Elvin Convalescent Home Fund for old performers, in aid of which the Vaudeville Charity Carnival and Aviation Day was held.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

to what appears to be the general impression, the use of this rubber in the production of high-grade tyres is no new thing, and that its valuable properties have been demonstrated by ample road and track experience. That all the cars but one in the Tourist Trophy Race were fitted with Dunlop tyres is well known, but the Company also point to the fact that the Rolls-Royce which was driven with such success in the Austrian Alpine Trial was similarly equipped.



THOUGH the 'Varsity match fell flat from the feminine, and frocky, point of view, Society had other reasons for going to St. John's Wood last week. Baroness Deichmann's Arthurian pageant at Abbey Lodge drew a crowd sufficient to justify an enormous amount of laborious preparation and a vast assembly of performers. "Seventy-two to luncheon" was the order sent down to the Baroness's kitchens on rehearsal days—a luncheon for the cast only. Baroness Deichmann herself took the part of the Prioress; King Arthur was admirably done by Mr. Geoffrey Douglas, Queen Guinevere by Miss Margaret Montgomery—an American known to her English friends as Margaret of Oregon—and various Queens by the Hon. Mrs. Bellew, Mrs. Roche, and Lady Herbert of Llanarth.

Lady Herbert's Monocle.

The most queenly of the sundry queens who walked the lawns of Abbey Lodge in Arthurian costume was Lady Herbert. But she came near to spoiling the picture: she remembered only in the nick of time to drop her eye-glass, and had hardly left the scene before she re-adjusted it. Only the fantastic pencil of Aubrey Beardsley could have done justice to the anachronism of her appearance "off"—to her crown of pearls and her monocle.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN R. A. BOGER, R.E.:
MISS DIANE CURTIS.

Miss Curtis is the eldest daughter of Colonel Reginald Salmond Curtis and the Hon. Mrs. Curtis, of 33, Cranley Gardens. Captain Robert Albany Boger, of the Royal Engineers, is the youngest son of the late Captain Henry T. Boger, R.N.

Photograph by Swaine.

between times, had all proved insufficient—she still looked hot. "I wish I could offer you an iced cigarette," said the young man, and got a smile for the coolness of his jest.

A Chief Among Men.

On Privy Council business bent, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick has come to London, leaving Canada for the moment without her Chief Justice and the Duke of Connaught without his Deputy Governor-General. Sir Charles is a threefold patriot—for Ireland, the land of his fathers; for Canada, the land of his birth; for England, the land of his ideals of service and strength and glory in the councils of the world. His heart is large enough, as is the frame that encloses it, and that turns many heads as he passes through Piccadilly.

Lord Newton's references to Sir Thomas Lipton in the House of Lords suggested a certain lack of loving-kindness between the Baron and the Baronet. They have, however, some interests in common. Was it not Lord Newton who amused the House a few years ago with a description of his own dairies, of the Legh cheeses and of the excellence of Lady Newton's jam? The speech, it is remembered, was quite as boastful as Sir Thomas's labels: it had the makings of a most effective advertisement. And even if Lord Newton is not an expert, the House has a professional dairyman in the person of Lord Templetown. The one thing certain is that there was no "butter" wasted in the Lords the other day.

A New Luxury. The young woman at a dance had run through the menu. Champagne-cup and every sort of cool drink, with frozen jellies and strawberry Melba be-



ENGAGED TO MR. BERNARD NEAME: MISS AGNES STRUTT.

Miss Agnes Strutt is the fourth daughter of Mr. G. Herbert Strutt, of Makeney House, near Derby, and Kingairloch, Argyllshire. Mr. Bernard Neame, of the 18th Hussars (Queen Mary's Own), is the second son of Mr. L. H. Neame, of Beckenham.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

of the Church should have a more important piece of jewelry. Whether he found an approved design in Bond Street has not yet transpired. Later in the week, Cardinal Gasquet gave a lunch on his own account, and among his guests were the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Edmund Talbot. But the reception at Archbishop's House was the occasion of a livelier incident: it was there that the Cardinal's stop-watch was stolen. Why a stop-watch was in his Eminence's pocket, and why a thief

The High Commissioner for Canada, in the line of Lord Strathcona, must, of course, be a very rich man. Otherwise, Sir Charles would be everybody's choice.

The Cardinal's Red.

The new Cardinal is painting the town red—within certain limits. Invitations for all sorts of unlikely functions, from dances to opera, have poured in on him, and he has had the spirit to accept more of them than most great Churchmen would have cared, or dared, to do. The other day he was lunched by a group of American women, with Lady Randolph Churchill on his right; and so little accustomed were his entertainers to doing their duty by a Cardinal that more than half of them forgot the all-important ceremonial of the ring. Instead of kissing it they merely looked, and decided that a Prince



ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF THE YOUNGER PEERESSES: THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

Lady Tweeddale, who married the eleventh Marquess two years ago, was Miss Marguerite Ralli. She has one daughter, Lady Helen Candida Hay, born last year.—[Photograph by La lie Charles.]

was at Archbishop's House are mysteries unexplained.

The Sitter's Part.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter have returned to their quarters in Old Burlington Street, and a little dinner-party was given which nobody, on nearly the hottest night of July, ventured to call a housewarming. Prince Arthur of Connaught, since he dined at the Royal Academy Banquet, had enjoyed no such opportunity of seeing contemporary pictures after a meal prepared by a chef to whom a great Academician gives the name of artist. Each picture has a personal history. Dr. Johnson used to say that, if there were no future world, he would wish to spend his time here in driving in the company of a pretty woman. Somehow we have lighted on greater attractions; and one of them is to be shown splendid portraits by the lady who had this part in their production—that she sat for them.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN JOHN TUTHILL DREYER: MISS PENELOPE AYLMEER HOLME.

Miss Holme is the only daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Rodney Holme, youngest son of Mr. Bryan Holme Holme, of Paull Holme, Yorkshire. Captain Dreyer, of the Royal Artillery, is the eldest son of Mr. John L. E. Dreyer, of the Observatory, Armagh.

Photograph by Swaine.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Good-bye!

Such is the strenuous life of pleasure some of us lead, even into the radiant days of July, that only the very young, curly, and tireless are really sorry when the last curtain falls on the last Opera, Russian or Italian, when Cassano's band plays its final note, and "Good-bye" is the appropriate salutation for the moribund Season. I often think that these belated festivities—such as balls on the eve of Goodwood—are given mainly in the interests of American, Colonial, and foreign visitors, who come from far-off with an inherited legend about the London Season, and are quite unconscious that everything nowadays is happy-go-lucky about this time of year, that the Unexpected reigns supreme, that the caprices of "smart" hostesses are unfathomable, and that you may find yourself in a Highland fastness or cruising in Norway when you are due at that delightful dinner-party at the House of Commons or should have been propelling Someone in a punt at Maidenhead. So casual, indeed, are modern manners that I don't think anyone ever says "Good-bye" except the young lovers of the Season. These functions, balls, operas, dinners, garden-parties, are a kind of full-dress parade, where we show ourselves, perform the usual drill, and duly disappear, with drums beating and flags fluttering. We no more take farewell than soldiers do who have performed in a gala ceremony. We salute, and hasten elsewhere.

Autumn Manœuvres.

For the real

intimacies, the rare joys of social intercourse, the dinner-tables where you hear everything that never gets into the newspapers—these are only to be found in perfection in the country house. There the guests are chosen, and not haphazard as in town, confidences of the most diverting and surprising nature are exchanged, and friendships are formed over wet boots or burst tyres, and suchlike trivialities of country life, which would have taken years to ripen in town. For country-house life is a great test of good breeding and unselfishness; it is impossible to spend even a few days with people boxed within the same four walls without knowing them enough to make up your mind whether you want to know them at all. Moreover, we English have certainly raised country-house entertaining to a fine art, and when the last Tudor mansion or Scottish castle is turned into a museum, some record should be kept, for our Socialist grandchildren, of the amenities and amusements of the period of George V. The high-bred, high-spirited young people of to-day, who are happiest of all in rough country clothes, who almost live in the open air, and whose manners to equals and dependents alike are perfection, should, even if they disappear and give place to a rather complacent democracy, leave some tradition and memory of their altogether delightful personalities.



AN ORIGINAL COSTUME.

This original costume consists of a dark-green cloth coat with self-coloured buttons, a white batiste collar finished with a black satin bow, and a skirt of knife-pleated plaid in green and white.



A DANCING-FROCK.

This is a frock of dark-green taffeta with shoulder-straps of large malachite beads; the "Pantalet" petticoat is made of narrow frills of white tulle, while white shoes and stockings complete the toilette.

A Burden of "Tipping."

The great drawback to visiting in country houses, as well as of travel, is in the stupid and cumbersome way we have of offering gratuities. No one minds giving a reasonable sum in return for personal services rendered, but it becomes a real nuisance when your last half-hour in a country house or an hotel is given up to trying to find the right servants to whom largesse is reasonably due.

At these moments there seem to crop up unknown faces and mysterious entities, and it becomes a real problem whether, since you once wore a bloom from your host's rose-garden at dinner, the head-gardener should receive five times its value in solid coin of the realm. The second chauffeur, it would appear, is also a person with claims on you—in short, it is only the cook (who thoroughly deserves it) who never gets anything from the guests, or dreams of asking for it. In America, I understand, they have a sensible fashion of leaving a gratuity wrapped in an envelope for that worthy and indispensable functionary, who, after all, contributes more than anybody to the pleasure of your sojourn. If there were only a box in the hall into which you could drop a fat gold coin and know that you had "tipped" everyone, it would be a real relief. In hotels this might, and should, be done, as no one's feelings would be hurt, nor anyone's dignity offended. The path of the tourist would become, by this simple plan, a comparatively rosy one.

Exchanging Vulgarities.

This year, strenuous

efforts have been made to get French visitors to English seaside places and "beauty-spots." It is highly probable that it will succeed, and that our Gallic neighbours will be duly delighted with the humours of English holiday crowds at Brighton and Bexhill, at Hastings and Southsea. If they went so far afield as Blackpool, they would receive a startling object-lesson in the prosperity—not to mention extravagance—of the British working classes. America, of course, can produce a Blackpool, but I fancy it has no prototype at all on the Continent. And the French visitor, even if he goes to the great pleasure-city of our proletariat, will not have his susceptibilities hurt, for it is a singular fact that we are not offended by the vulgarities of other nations as we are by those of our own. The little *bourgeois* family on the sands in Brittany amuse me more than I can say, especially when (as they usually are) they seem scandalised by the goings-on of *les Angliches*. The same class and the same behaviour in England would probably be revolting, but the manners of foreigners are not only amusing, but shed sidelights on racial characteristics to the observing. If the French and ourselves make a point of exchanging our respective vulgar persons, we arrive at a real estimate of the two peoples.



A DINNER-DRESS.

This dinner-dress has a skirt of black charmeuse and corsage of white crêpe Ninon over flesh-pink tulle, with high Medici collar of transparent silver lace. The embroidery is in dull shades of silver and black, and the narrow belt is finished in front with an antique buckle in dull silver and paste.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 28.

LES AFFAIRES.

MARKETS are struggling to free themselves from the bonds which have so long restrained them. At times business has been quite brisk, prices strong, and gleams of cheerfulness apparent everywhere. But the improvement has been spasmodic. Politics, both Home and Foreign, continue to dominate the situation, and until the Ulster question is settled we fear any sustained activity in Home securities is improbable. And the outlook here is far from reassuring. It is difficult to see how the Government is to extricate itself and the country from the existing dangers without losing Mr. Redmond's support. As the withdrawal of this support means the end of the Government, the latter's predicament is indeed a sorry one. New issues continue to absorb much of the available cash.

Elsewhere, unfortunately, there is little improvement. The Mexican position exhibits no change. The elections were nothing more than a farce, and do not affect the situation in any way, in spite of the excitement in the Press. Money continues to flow from the Argentine to Europe, and Brazil is still a source of anxiety.

Nearer home, the relations between Greece and Turkey leave much to be desired, although we do not think there is any great risk of actual hostilities. The murder of the Archduke had little effect on quotations, but may eventually have far-reaching effects on European politics as a whole. The success of the French Government Loan has been the only other factor worth mentioning. It will undoubtedly release a large amount of money which had been held up, but there must be a big proportion of stock which has not been taken by genuine investors, and must therefore weigh somewhat heavily upon the Paris market for a time.

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

The banks enjoyed a very prosperous time during the first half of the current year. Profits were not so large as those earned during the corresponding period of 1913, but they were satisfactory, all the same.

Political conditions were far less disturbed, but owing to the undoubted decline in the trade boom, commercial concerns have required considerably less financing.

The average Bank Rate during the period under review was a shade under $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., whilst depositors received on an average only about $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The average rates for all the various classes of business transacted by the banks showed corresponding reductions, and the margin of profits has been smaller.

The banks have ceased to issue interim reports, the only exception being the Union and Smith's. Profits of this institution were £63,000 lower at £253,000, but it was not necessary to write anything off for depreciation of investments. A year ago, £150,000 was utilised for this purpose. Thus it has been possible not only to maintain the distribution to the shareholders, but also to increase very largely the carry-forward.

We imagine that the remainder of the banks have achieved very similar results, and that the reduction in profits has been at least offset by the maintenance of the value of investments.

The dividends announced are, with one exception, identical with those of twelve months ago. The exception is the London and South-Western, which is distributing at the rate of 18 per cent., as compared with 17 per cent.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

Amalgamation and rumours of amalgamation between banks have been exceedingly common of late, although the shadows have, as usual, exceeded the realities.

The tendency, however, in the banking world, as elsewhere, seems to be towards the absorption of the smaller provincial concerns by the joint-stock banks of the Metropolis. There are clearly advantages attached to such arrangements, especially in abnormal times, and the shareholders probably benefit in the long run. Customers of the provincial banks, however, do not like it—in one recent case they were actually strong enough to prevent the deal maturing—and there is a great deal of truth in the criticisms which have been expressed in some quarters.

Local bankers know all about their customers, their standing, their affairs, and their credit. Business may be business, but they are bound by no hard-and-fast rules, and can always take into consideration the personal credit of a borrower.

The branch manager of a big bank, on the other hand, has been brought up in an atmosphere of precedents. In nine cases out of ten he is positively swathed in red tape; while the Board, to whom must be referred any matter outside the regular routine, are of necessity absolutely impersonal. Probably such a state of affairs is unavoidable, but that does not enhance its popularity.

Another feature of the centralisation of control is the tendency to make the branch establishments little more than feeders for the head office. Instead of being lent out locally in small sums, the

money is used for large transactions in the world's Money Markets. In this way it is directly under the Board's control, and not under that of the branch managers. Meanwhile, local industries are handicapped.

We have the sincerest admiration for the manner in which the great banks conduct their business from the shareholders' point of view, and we do not think the latter are likely to regret the absorption of smaller concerns, but we shall be surprised if the customers of local banks cease their opposition to such arrangements.

"POLLY."

The sales of Apollinaris Water during the past year amounted to 38,460,000 bottles, as compared with 37,110,000 bottles in the preceding year. The dividend is maintained at 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares.

THE PROSPEROUS ERA OF THE WEEKLY ILLUSTRATEDS.

The good news just announced to their shareholders that H. R. Baines (the *Graphic*, *Daily Graphic*, and *Bystander*) have declared an increased dividend of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. compared with the 10 per cent. last year, with a carry-forward of £6041 against £5139, brings into prominence the fact that the illustrated papers are enjoying a hey-day of prosperity. It would be difficult to point out any illustrated sixpenny weekly of the present day that is showing any signs of financial decline, and there is no doubt that the advertisers as a body have found out the value of what may be called the permanency of a sixpenny illustrated. In spite of the fact that the keen competition which the higher-class weeklies, such as the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, to take two "home" examples, are meeting with, necessitates a great increase of expenditure, the advertising revenue has also increased *pari passu*. The importance of the sixpenny weekly to the advertiser is obvious. Unlike a cheaper production, it is not read through and thrown away, but passes from hand to hand, and is in many cases permanently preserved, so that the advertiser derives the benefit of having his advertisement always in front of possible new customers. It is this circulation that is not to be judged by the actual number of purchasers which the purveyors of high-class goods have learnt to appreciate, with the result that never previously have illustrated papers stood higher in the estimation of advertisers and the public than they do at the present moment.

MALACCA RUBBER.

A fine estate, but grossly over-capitalised. The shares of this Company have always been a speculative favourite, especially with Continental operators, and had those behind the Company paid a little less attention to the market and rather more to the management of their estate, the shareholders would have greater cause for congratulation.

The report for 1913 has just appeared, and is another disappointing document. The profit of £131,200 compares with £313,000 for 1912, and the dividend is reduced from 75 per cent. to 25 per cent., and the carry-forward is reduced. The output of rubber increased from 2,220,000 lb. in 1912 to 3,008,500 in 1913, but the selling prices were, of course, very different.

The most noticeable feature of the report is reticence: we are not even told anything about working costs or administration expenses. We sincerely hope that the Chairman will make good this omission at the forthcoming meeting, and also that he will be able to announce some hopes of a reduction from the extravagant level of the past.

The shares have fallen from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ during the last twelve months, but it is difficult to justify even the current quotation unless a marked recovery in profits is assumed. We see but little hope of such an eventuality. No Rubber share is worth holding which does not offer a reasonable prospect of a return of at least 10 per cent. upon the purchase price. Malacca at $3\frac{1}{2}$ cannot be said to satisfy this test. Therefore they should be sold.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.

The promised details of the reconstruction scheme of this Company are now available. The practical result of the scheme, if adopted, will be greatly to simplify the Company's capital account, leaving it with only two classes of shares—namely, £672,654 of Cumulative Preference stock, and £1,366,353 of Ordinary stock. This means a total reduction of capital of £908,372, and will enable the assets to be written down to their present estimated value. Provided there is no further depreciation, the directors anticipate that they will be able to distribute 4 per cent. on the Ordinary stock. This will mean the distribution of, roughly, £42,500 more than in 1913.

The 7 per cent. Non-Cumulative Preference received $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1913. It is proposed to convert them as to one-third into the new Preference stock, and as to the remaining two-thirds into Ordinary stock. On the basis of the directors' estimate, the holders of the present Preference will then receive 4 2-3 per cent. It is true that this only absorbs some £9000 against £28,000 which would at present have to be provided before the Junior Issues receive anything at all; but we do not think there will be any great opposition to the scheme. It would take donkeys' years to write off the

[Continued on page 64.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Season's Extremity is Woman's Opportunity.

There is a sale in progress at Harrod's this week which attracts the woman and the man who know from all parts of the country. It is a genuine affair—the very substantial reduction of the firm's own excellent stock in order to effect a necessary clearance. Everything is therefore of the highest quality. There are bargains in every department, and, for those who want to know in detail what they are, an admirable illustrated catalogue has been prepared giving the usual prices and the sale-prices so arranged that it is a guide to what is needed, and saves time and trouble to those who visit the establishment; while to those who are unable to do so it shows what to order. Carriage is paid by the firm on all drapery orders in the United Kingdom, and on nearly everything else over half-a-crown in value. It is an opportunity always eagerly embraced, because no job-lots are bought to include in the sale, which is absolutely genuine—therefore keenly appreciated.

On the Wing.

Preparations for holidays are occupying a great many of us just now, and what we all crave is compact and useful cases such as Drew and Sons, 33-37, Piccadilly, are famous for the world over. On a motor trip, what a comfort—nay, luxury—is a tea and luncheon case for six people. It is dust and water proof, and a new version of the firm's celebrated "En Route," and is fitted with Drew's patent spirit-lamp, which soon boils the water and ensures a supply of fresh tea. For a man's convenience there is a roll-up dressing-case in pigskin, fitted with every requisite for the toilet in silver and ivory. It is small, and can easily be packed in a trunk. There are numbers of these to choose from, costing from £5 10s. to £20. The firm's dressing-bags and motor-bags for ladies are celebrated all over the world for daintiness, variety, comprehensiveness, and wearing quality. Lightness and compactness are watchwords of the firm.

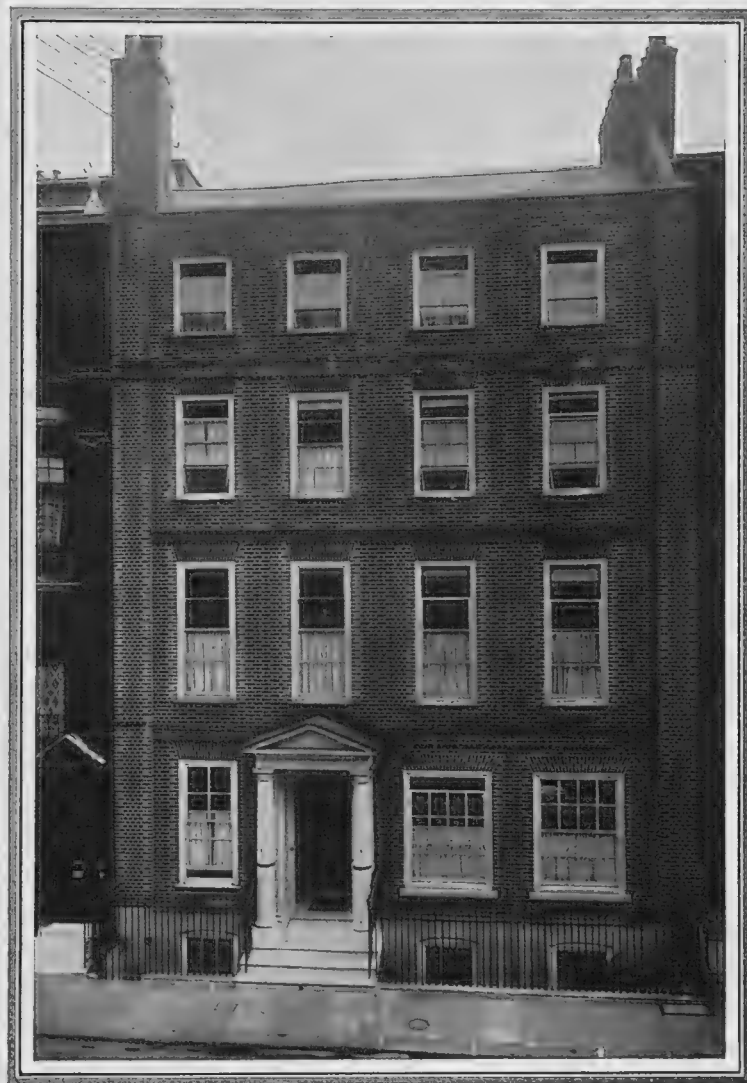
A Very Rare Sale.

It is almost unbelievable that Hancocks, the jewellers of such fame and century-and-a-half establishment in Bond Street, are having a sale. It is the first in the history of the firm. Larger premises have become a necessity, and, the old lease having expired, rebuilding and expansion have been decided upon. Very few houses could offer such a collection of rare gems and plate, for Hancocks are collectors and cognoscenti, and their reputation has been built up on the quality of all that leaves their establishment. Fine examples of the antique pieces modelled by C. B. Birch, A.R.A., Baron Marochetti, H. H. Armstead, R.A., or Signor Monti are always worth their price, and yet at this sale can be had—in many instances—for two-thirds their rightful value. The presentation plate of the firm is justly celebrated.

Gifts Really Liked.

We are as a nation much addicted to making presents, and it is greatly to our credit that it should be so. There is nothing so delightful as to give pleasure, but presents will not do it unless they are well considered and out of the beaten track. At Mark Cross's fine show-rooms in Regent Street there are numbers of practical, handsome, and most

convenient things that are always acceptable. There is the famous Cross garden-basket, fitted with garden-trowel, scissors, fork, hammer, measure, knife, and patent cutter. Every lady who loves her garden should have one. Deserving of mention is a motor or travelling companion containing all that is required for a toilet; a leather shirt-case, to take six shirts, fastening with two press buttons, for 18s. 6d., is a present a man will value; a new flat-folding manicure-case for either man or woman, may be had for 27s. in pigskin, or 25s. in black or square grain leather; there are all the very latest notions in purse-bags. The illustrated price-list of the firm, which will always be sent post free on application, is a liberal education in the right kind of presents; and there are always gloves—those made by Mark Cross are invariably appreciated, because they are smart, comfortable, and wear splendidly.



A LONDON HOUSE MUCH ASSOCIATED WITH THE TURF: 6, OLD BURLINGTON STREET, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY WEATHERBY'S, OF RACING FAME, AND NOW MESSRS. LADBROKE'S NEW PREMISES.

Messrs. Ladbrooke and Co. the well-known commission agents, contributed 100 guineas to the prize fund at the Midnight Ball, but by an unfortunate oversight, which we much regret, their name was omitted from the list of prizes and donors. Their contribution was handed over to Messrs. Mark Cross and Co., who for that sum undertook to supply £190 worth of goods. On the list only the name of Messrs. Mark Cross appeared as the donors, whereas that of Messrs. Ladbrooke should have been given in conjunction with it. We give a photograph here of Messrs. Ladbrooke's new premises at 6, Old Burlington Street—a house formerly occupied by Weatherby's, of racing fame.

only fairy fingers could have made it; the finest of lace combined with the most beautiful of cobweb-like lawn, and embroidery that is really a fine art—all set off with the prettiest of pink ribbons—make a really delicate and lovely outfit. The boudoir-caps are ducks.

Messrs. F. H. Ayres, the well-known manufacturers of sports equipments, write to point out that the large-headed putters used by Mr. Gassiat in the Chantilly Golf Championship, and of which we published a photograph in our issue of July 1, are not actually the invention of Mr. Gassiat, but of the Marquis Chassoloup-Laubat, who has licensed Messrs. Ayres to produce the putters in this country in conjunction with another firm.

Drawing to an End.

The functions to come before the end of the season are not many. Given good weather, more will crop up as we go along, but the State Ball of this week, the Eclipse Stakes, and one or two more fixtures, are about all we can look forward to. It was a chequered season at best. The death of the Duke of Argyll interfered with the first of it, which promised so brilliantly; the Austrian tragedy shadowed the latter part of it, from the Court point of view; the unsettled political outlook made a difference, too. There were quantities of dances, happily; but other things went only moderately well; and the big Peace Ball at the Albert Hall showed clearly that the day of these gigantic undertakings is on the wane. London has been full, much has been going on, but the brilliancy so confidently expected missed fire. An enjoyable and full three months will remain in our memories; but, like the Academies of recent years, there will be few outstanding features.

A July Wedding.

The Earl of Lisburne is to be married this week to Miss de Bittencourt, one of the pretty daughters of the Chilean Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. de Bittencourt. The ceremony will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and it will be a smart affair, with a reception at Claridge's. Mme. de Bittencourt gave a beautiful ball recently for her girls, to whom she is devoted. The White House, 51, New Bond Street, have made the daintiest of beautiful trousseaux for the bride. It looks as if

Continued from page 62.]

depreciation in the ordinary way, and it is far better to place the Company on a sound footing. The only pity is that it was not done long ago.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

The continued delay over the announcement of the position of negotiations for the Brazilian Loan is giving rise to anxiety. That the big loan will not make its appearance for some time now appears practically certain, but the issue of a small "stop-gap" appears a necessity. £1,400,000 Treasury Bills fall due on Aug. 25, and without recourse to fresh borrowing it appears impossible for Brazil to redeem them.

The Rock Island Company is a woeful example of the danger of watered stock. The tale is ancient history in this case, but the weight has at last borne the concern to the ground, and the Ordinary stock is a rather nominal market round 1 to 1½! The scheme of reorganisation includes an assessment of 15 per cent. of the par value of both Preferred and Common stock. This means in many cases the compulsory liquidation of holdings—hence the state of the market!

The East Rand Proprietary's return for June is good. The tonnage crushed was the highest since June of last year, whilst the estimated value of the gold is £230,390. This total has not been reached since August last. Working costs show a satisfactory decline.

Great Western traffics again provided a welcome exception to the general decreases of last week. This Railway exhibited an increase of £4000, making the aggregate to date, £110,100. Great Western Ordinary is one of the cheapest purchases in the market, and after making all allowances for possible increase in working costs owing to the growing demands of labour, we recommend a purchase.

The aggregate earnings of the International Railways of Central America from the beginning of the year to the end of May amounted to £298,592 gross—an increase of £39,000. The net earnings at £171,500 were £15,800 higher. These results are all the more gratifying in view of the unsatisfactory conditions existing throughout the South American continent. The Preference stock stands at 62, and the Common at 17. A purchase of equal amounts of these two stocks should prove a remunerative lock-up investment of the speculative order.

The Circular issued by the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company was a relief to the market. The statements emanating from Brussels were so definite that their correctness was generally accepted, and a fresh issue of capital by the Brazilian Traction Company would have been exceedingly unwelcome under existing conditions. The denial that any such operation is necessary or contemplated is quite clear and should prevent the recurrence of such rumours for some time to come.

Saturday, July 11, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. E. T.—The stock you mention is a very fair investment, but we should prefer one of the Russian Railway Loans guaranteed by the Russian Government.

M. F.—(1) We cannot advise any of the shares you mention, even as speculations or investments, because we view the outlook for the industry with grave concern. (2) Let us know exactly what you require, and we will advise you.

SIGMA.—(1) 7 per cent., non-cumulative; (2) hardly safe; (3) to mix with other investments the stock has possibilities, but do not put too many eggs into this particular basket.

D. D.—The answer is in the negative.

CYPRUS.—As the first essential in purchasing an annuity is absolute safety, we think you would be wise to go to one of the first-class offices rather than to the one you mention.

J. C. S.—If you believe in Rubber at all, you can hold all the shares on your list; they are quite good of their class, except (16) and (17), which are not worth selling.

W. W. A. E.—We think the difference in quotations of the four stocks you mention fully covers the difference in their merits. Dividends are paid in London and the tax deducted.

"WALTERS."—(1) Any firm of stockbrokers would undertake the whole business for you. (2) No; you would only lose your money. (3) Fair South American investments, but hardly gilt-edged.

JOS TIN AREA (NIGERIA), LTD.—The directors state that a cable has been received from the engineer in charge reporting an output of 44½ tons for the month of June, of an assay value 74¾ per cent. metallic tin. Office Note.—Of the above output, 40 tons have been recovered by the dredge from 20,000 cubic yards of ground treated during 545 hours' running time.

"C & C" Ginger Ale

When the last putt is holed!

THE best drink to order for *all* the players in a mixed foursome is "C & C" Ginger Ale; for men, as well as women, thoroughly appreciate its clear, crisp tingle and delicious flavour. There is real refreshment in a glass of "C & C" after a hard-fought game.

Order it in the Club-house and the Restaurant; but above all be sure to get some from your grocer or wine merchant for your own home.

Made by Cantrell & Cochrane, Ltd.,

Works: Dublin and Belfast Established 1852.
Depots: London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

The Aristocrat of Mineral Waters

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco



Whoso smokes the mixture called "Three Nuns" may count upon a wholesome gratification of his senses, upon nerves that shall be comfortably soothed, and a mind fulfilled with a great content. The wine-mellow flavour of "Three Nuns" works a charm for the connoisseur, and every smoker of pipes must revel in its coolness.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited, Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar, but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. OZ.

No. 243.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES.
MEDIUM. 3d. for 10.



JACOBEOAN Three-Fold Oak Screen, with cane upper panels, richly decorated. Lower panels embossed leather. Each fold 6 feet high by 24 inches wide.

£21.

THE collection of old world Furniture now on exhibition at our Show-rooms embraces the best periods of British Decorative Arts.

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Obtainable of all high-class Tobacconists and Stores.

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VIRGINIA LEAF

100 50 25 10
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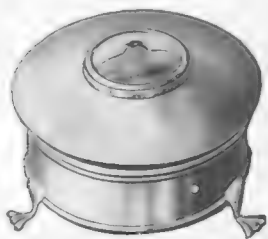
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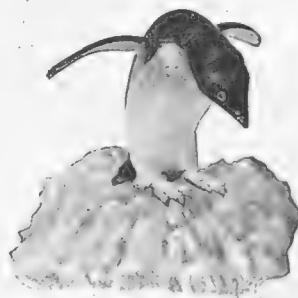
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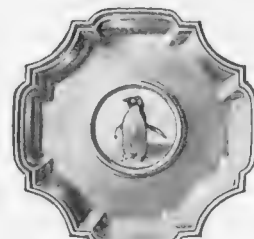
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Finely Hand-chased Solid Silver
Model of Diving Penguin on
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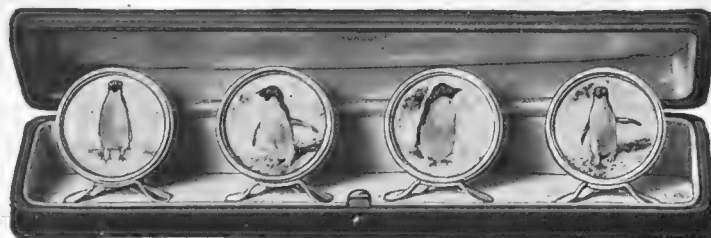
Silver
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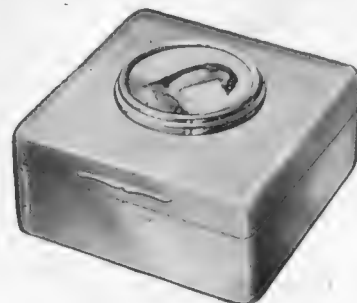
Solid Silver Ash Tray,
4½ in., 30/-



Silver Case for large size Bryant & May's
Safety Matches, 25/-
Also Medium Size, 21/-



Silver Hand-painted Menu Stands, Diameter 1½ in., 15/- each.
Set of Four complete in case, 65/-



Solid Silver Cigarette Box,
3½ by 3½ by 1½, 48/-
Others from 32/6 upwards in stock.

Beautifully modelled and hand-painted PENGUINS, mounted on useful Solid Silver articles, from actual photographs taken by
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WILSON & GILL have sole rights for reproducing these fascinating novelties. They have many other designs in stock mounted on a large variety of articles, particulars of which will be forwarded on application.



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—Still going strong.

Stranger, arriving at a Scotch country station: "WHICH HOTEL DO YOU RECOMMEND?"

Porter: "THERE'S ONLY WAN."

Stranger: "WHY, I THOUGHT THERE WERE TWO!"

Porter: "THERE'S ONLY WAN AS KEEPS 'JOHNNIE WALKER,' SO THE ITHAR DISNA COONT."

It is a safe rule to follow, that an hotel which discriminates as to the quality of its whisky will always give satisfaction.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Black Label is over 12 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

The SECOND CONQUEST of the ALPS

Remarkable Performance of the Six-Cylinder

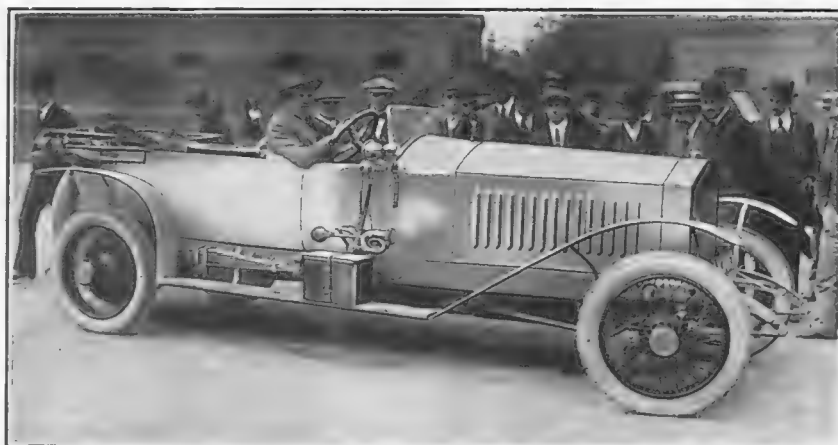
ROLLS-ROYCE

IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE TRIAL, 1914.

THE SEVEREST TRIAL ON RECORD.

- ❶ 1818 miles, including 27 Alpine Passes, non-stop.
- ❷ Four cars had considerably larger engines than that of the Rolls-Royce, which is 7410 cubic centimètres, viz. :

1 BENZ with an Engine of 10,100 c.c.	1 GRAF & STIFT with an Engine of 8490 c.c.
1 BENZ " " 10,100 c.c.	1 BENZ " " 8490 c.c.
- ❸ The Rolls-Royce was, however, the fastest car in the trial, making easily fastest time up the Katschberg and in the official speed trial on the level.
- ❹ The Rolls-Royce was the only English car out of six to lose no marks and to make a non-stop run throughout.



Mr. James Radley on his Rolls-Royce, which made the best performance in the Contest.

SOME COMMENTS ON THE CONTEST

"THE GILDING OF REFINED GOLD."

"Honours full and overflowing have fallen upon the grand Rolls-Royce car driven by Mr. Radley. With the exception of one day when he went no less than 59 miles out of his way, the great Derby-built car finished always first, covering the 1818 miles of fearfully strenuous and trying roads without a single involuntary stop. Truly a marvellous performance, the gilding of refined gold, and the painting of the lily, if the Rolls-Royce ever required such super-praise. The success of this car in so searching a trial endorses the Rolls-Royce policy, which, from the earliest days, has been to spare no time, money, or endeavour, still further to perfect what already looked like perfection and to better what was to all intents and purposes the bettermost. Super-refined as the Rolls-Royce mechanism has long been known to be, there would always appear to have been possible to the great designer just a little more, and yet how much; just a little farther, and yet how far!"

The Sketch, July 1st, 1914.

"A MAGNIFICENT SCORE."

"The redoubtable Radley and his Rolls-Royce shone with remarkable lustre among all the Continental hosts. The power of the car, the manner of its running, its appearance, its pace (particularly its pace), its climbing qualities, which treated the Alpine heights so cavalierly, had the foreign observer beaten, and the British observer tickled to death. Truly a magnificent score for the Rolls-Royce."

The Bystander, July 1st, 1914.

"NOTHING MORE PERFECT"

"We congratulate Mr. James Radley on his success in the Austrian Alpine Contest, and on being the only English competitor who secured a prize— that presented by the City of Trieste. His Rolls-Royce car evidently ran magnificently throughout."

"The Rolls-Royce's performance was remarkable from the start. First out every day, Mr. Radley finished first each evening with one exception, when he went off the course, and notwithstanding his covering an additional distance of 92 kils., finished third."

"His speed made the spectators gasp!"

"Radley's time was the fastest of the day."

"I can imagine nothing more perfect in the way of a motor-car than the Rolls-Royce."

The Car, July 1st, 1914

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Telegrams: "Rolhead Reg. London."

AND AT

Telephone: Gerrard 1654 (3 lines).

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VIENNA—1, Tegetthofstrasse 4.

ST. PETERSBURG—Hotel Astoria.

MADRID—Carlos de Salamanca, 3, Ventura Rodriguez.

BOMBAY—Hughes Road, Cumballa Hill.

The following firms who purchase direct from us have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts:— LEICESTERSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AND RUTLANDSHIRE: The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby St., Leicester; SCOTLAND: L. C. Seligmann & Co., 66, Renfrew St., Glasgow; MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT, including East Lancashire (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham), and East Cheshire: Joseph Cockshott & Co., Ltd., New Bridge St., Manchester; LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT, including West Lancashire (as far north as Cockerham), West Cheshire and North Wales: W. Watson & Co., 56, Renshaw St., Liverpool; NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND, AND NORTH LANCASHIRE: Sir Wm. Angus, Sanderson & Co., Ltd., St. Thomas St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK: Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich; BEDFORDSHIRE: J. A. Doran, 7, St. Paul's Square, Bedford; IRELAND: J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester St., Belfast. The following firms are appointed as Retailers of Rolls-Royce cars:—LONDON: Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 66-68, South Audley St., W.; Messrs. Charles Jarrott, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard St., W. YORKSHIRE: A. B. Wardman & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge St., Harrogate.



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INVALUABLE FOR TOILET PURPOSES. SPLENDID CLEANSER FOR THE HAIR.
REMOVES STAINS AND GREASE SPOTS FROM CLOTHING.
REFRESHING AS A TURKISH BATH. RESTORES THE COLOUR TO CARPETS.
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ALLAYS THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MOSQUITO BITES.



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No. G 331.--Lady's Dressing Case, made from choicest Crocodile, lined Moiré Silk, containing a full set of Solid Silver fittings of New Design. Complete with Best Waterproof Cover.
Size 20 x 14 x 7. Price £48 10 0

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ACTUAL MAKERS

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Lady's Best Brown Hide Dressing Case, lined Leather throughout, Silver and Ivory Fittings. Specially made for Motor-Car travel.
Size 16 x 11 x 6. Price complete, £7 17 6

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LONDON MIXTURE
PER **5^D** OZ

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"Cyclax" Circles the Earth!



Latest Developments of the Famous 'Cyclax' Company

IT may safely be said that since the "Cyclax" Toilet Preparations were discovered and perfected, by Mrs. Hemming, the world's Premier Beauty Specialist, nearly twenty years ago, their fame has reached every corner of the civilized globe and that "Cyclax Circles the Earth" is to-day practically true, for the London depôt, at 58, South Molton Street, W., now despatches orders all over Europe, and these indispensable specialties are obtainable at all Chemists and Stores throughout Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

A Special Advantage.

Those who live in England, however, have a special advantage. They are able to reap the benefits of Mrs. Hemming's unique system of complexion treatment, given by a trained and expert staff of ladies under her personal supervision at 58, South Molton Street. These treatments have wonderful and almost immediate results on tired, jaded skins. In a marvellously short space of time lines and wrinkles disappear, double chins are reduced, and "baginess," due to a relaxed condition of the skin, is eliminated. Mrs. Hemming's special and original system of face treatment also restores tone vitality and colour to the skin, cleanses and whitens it, and removes blackheads, pimples, and other blemishes. Under no circumstances are dangerous operative treatments undertaken.

The Fairy of Hope.

An interviewer recently said that "the 'Fairy of Hope' dwells at 58, South Molton Street." The remark was evidently inspired by the fact that apparently hopeless cases of faded charms are dealt with so successfully that no client is ever disappointed. Mrs. Hemming believes that every woman's mission in life is to be beautiful as well as good, and that as daintiness and purity of complexion are essentials of beauty it is an imperative duty on the part of every woman to take care of the skin.

Before Starting for Your Summer Holiday

You will be well advised to call upon Mrs. Hemming and obtain the benefit of a free consultation. Mrs. Hemming makes no charge whatever for advice upon matters connected with Beauty and the Toilet, and as she carefully studies every individual case, will be able to tell you exactly what preparations to take with you on your vacation in order to prevent freckles, sunburn and tan, and to overcome other effects of the sun and sea-spray. Appointments may be made by letter, wire, or 'phone (Gerrard 4689). Those ladies who are unable to come to town are invited to write to Mrs. Hemming, who will, at all times, be delighted to give advice by letter.

The Wonderful "Cyclax" Skin Food.

Under no circumstances should any woman who values her skin be without a pot of "Cyclax" Skin Food. This acts like a charm in all cases of premature wrinkles, redness, or dryness of the skin and is an effectual protection against sunburn, while, used in conjunction with other "Cyclax" preparations described in Mrs. Hemming's Toilet Handbook, it effectually maintains the beauty of the skin throughout the hottest and most trying summer months.

ABBREVIATED LIST OF 'CYCLAX' PREPARATIONS

Cyclax Skin Food	-	4/- & 7/6
Cyclax Transforming Lotion	-	3/6 & 6/6
Cyclax Nesudor	-	5/-
Cyclax Face Powder	-	6/6
Cyclax Eyebrow Pomade	-	3/6
Cyclax Labyl (for the Lips)	-	4/6
Cyclax Hand Bleach	-	3/6
Cyclax Clenzene	-	6/6
Cyclax Morn Dew Cream	-	4/6
Cyclax "Special" Lotion	-	5/6 & 10/6
Cyclax Complexion Milk	-	4/- & 7/6
Cyclax Throat Lotion	-	7/6
Cyclax Braceine	-	4/- & 7/6
Cyclax Hair Stimulant	-	7/6
Cyclax Chin Strap	-	6/6

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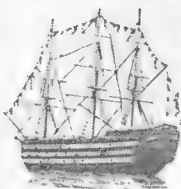
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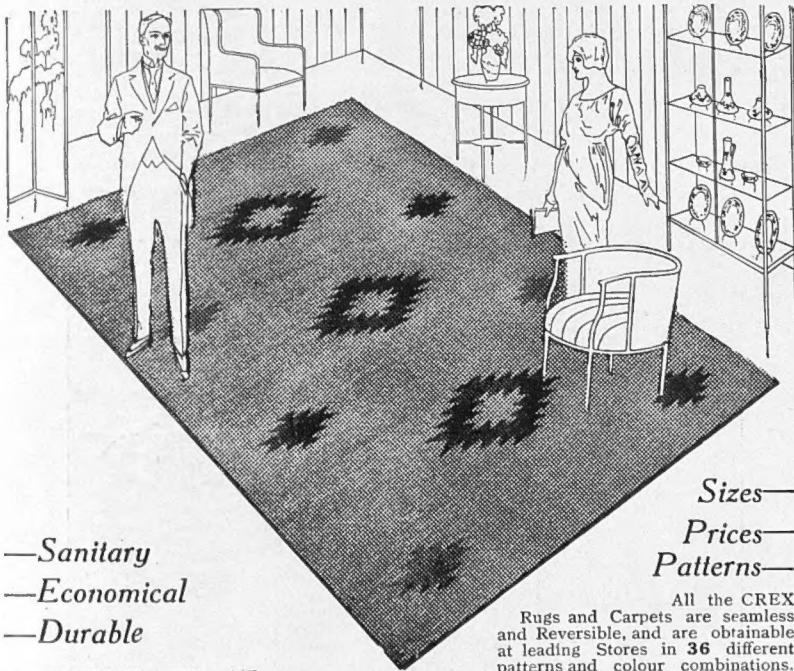
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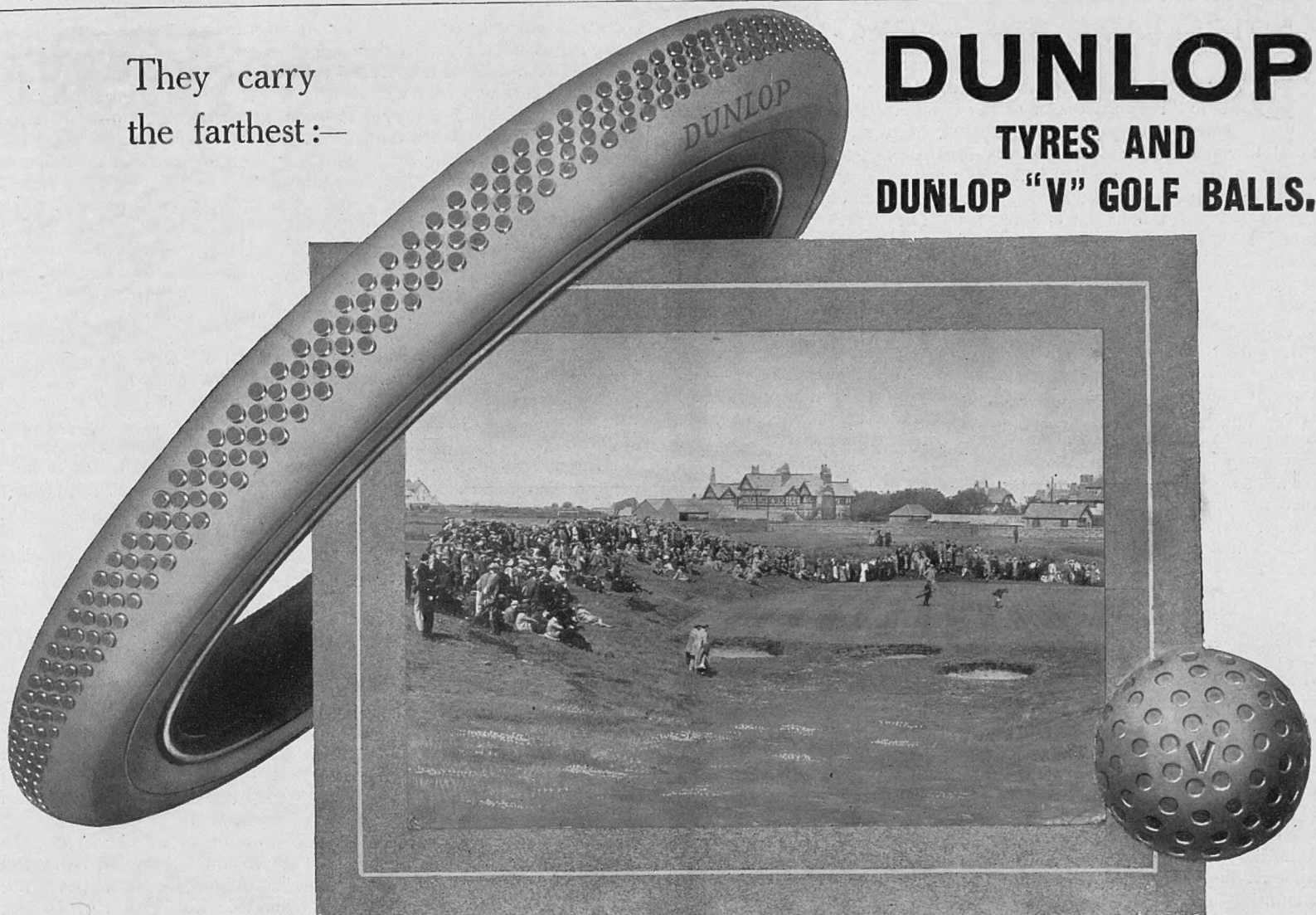
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA-HOUSES.

"DYLAN" is a distinct improvement upon "The Children of Don," its predecessor of the trilogy. There is rather more coherence, more direct appeal, even an occasional movement towards simplicity. Whether it is a work that on the poetic or the musical side can demand presentation as an artistic right is a question upon which there may well be two opinions, but even less than this could have been claimed for "The Children of Don," the first joint effort of Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Holbrooke, produced at the London Opera House during the brief and undistinguished régime of Mr. Hammerstein. There was no question of two opinions there.

The successful opera is generally the work in which the collaboration has been close and intimate. It does not suffice to write a poem on the one hand, or a very appealing score on the other—the two must be welded. Unfortunately, nothing of the kind happens here. Lord Howard de Walden has some finely balanced and sonorous lines, and a great many more that are mere prose masquerading as poetry. The composer is often too intent upon his message to think about his collaborator—perhaps it were more fair to say that he grasps the idea set out in the words and proceeds to illustrate it in absolute music, without reflecting that a sorely tried singer is doing his or her best to make the sentiment vocal. Few incidents of the stage action escape a violent comment in the orchestra, and the emotion of the men and women communicates contagion, as though by electricity or telepathy, to the brass. Now the human being is one and the brass is many, and, as Napoleon said, Providence is on the side of the big battalions: small wonder, then, that the voice is beaten every time, or so many times that the victory seems constant. Mr. Holbrooke's weakness in "Dylan" lies in his lack of sympathy with the stage, or it may be that in his anxiety to express emotion in his own fashion he forgets that his singers are but mortal. Certainly his successful music in this opera is that which is limited to the orchestra, and here his mastery of instrumental combinations and his daring effects do not fail to impress even where they do not succeed in pleasing. They never suggest mere wilful exaggeration. Whether we like or dislike the results, it must be admitted that only an extremely clever and imaginative musician could have secured them.

From the opening of the first act to the close of the last, there is little in "Dylan" to make for popularity, though scenery and

costumes are worthy of the other productions at Drury Lane. The company is not only all English, but is extremely capable, and the opera is handled with genuine skill and great cleverness by Mr. Thomas Beecham, who has always been counted among Mr. Holbrooke's admirers. Money has been lavished on the production, and some of the effects on the stage are hardly less striking than those in the orchestra; but only a very bold or a very careless man would care to estimate the future powers of attraction that "Dylan" can exercise. Much depends upon the character of the third work with which the trilogy will stand completed. If this moves along certain lines of order and sequence at which Mr. Holbrooke merely hints in "Dylan," all may be well; if it reverts to the uncouthness and sheer dullness of "The Children of Don," the operas of the trilogy will find in London no abiding city. In the meantime, the new work stands out as a production written, set to music, and presented to the public by English men and women, and if few people will come from it with enthusiasm, a still less number will have failed to find some measure of interest, though it be but a small one. The overture, intermezzo, and music that does not come right up against stage action is worth hearing: it may improve on acquaintance.

The revival of "The Marriage of Figaro" was hardly less successful than the earlier revival of "Don Giovanni." Whether the attraction of Mozart has in it an expression of the reaction against ultra-modern music, it is quite certain that the lovely melodies have been received with something more than the usual enthusiasm. The opera was extremely well done, and people were heard complaining that the lateness of the Mozartian revival gives them little opportunity of getting all they want of pure inspired melody.

Mr. Tito Ricordi has arranged, for Zandonai's musical setting, the version of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," now about to be produced at Covent Garden. It will be remembered that the play was written for Eleanora Duse, and that Zandonai's opera was given for the first time last February, in Turin, where it was extremely well received. Signor Ettore Panizza, who conducted there, will hold the same important office at Covent Garden; Mr. Almanz is responsible for the *mise-en-scene*; and the costumes have been specially designed in Milan. It may be noted that Zandonai's earlier opera, "Conchita," was given at Covent Garden two summers ago. In "Francesca da Rimini," Mme. Edvina will fill the name-part, Martinelli is Paolo, Francesco Cigada is Giovanni, and Signor Paltrinieri is the Malatestino. The story, of course, harps insistently upon love and death, and the last act is sufficiently gruesome to satisfy the youngest of young Italians.

